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Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy.
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And if well finished, nothing shines so much.

Vide "An Essay on Poetry." *Buckingham.*

POEMS,

HISTORICAL & DESCRIPTIVE.

BY

W. H. Hall

Poniatowski's final plunge

VIDE DEATH OF PONIATOWSKI

Page 37

Rapid in the muddy surges
Leaps he from the rocky brink

LONDON
Published by the Author. 32. Smith St. Stepney.
1850

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

HISTORICAL

AND

DESCRIPTIVE;

BY

W. H. SADLER.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
32, SMITH STREET, STEPNEY.
1850.

T. H. Ellis, Printer,
51, Jewin Street, City.

PREFACE.

In offering the following selection to a discerning Public, the author, at the same time that he his fully alive to the danger of embarking upon the broad ocean of Literature; is yet conscious that he will meet with that condescension which has ever distinguished the natives of Great Britain. In regard to the merits or demerits of these Poems, he has nothing to say; they, at first, were composed for no purpose but his private gratification; and it has been only through the incessant solicitations of many friends, that he has at length brought them before the general scrutiny of mankind. Wishing them therefore no favour but what they may be found deserving of, and apprehending no criticism but what is just, he leaves them to try their course down the channel of Public approbation.

32, Smith Street, Stepney,
October 30, 1850.

THE ADIEU AT FONTAINBLEAU,

OR

NAPOLEON'S PARTING WORDS TO HIS OLD GUARD.

Soldiers ! Veterans of my Guard !
Adieu ! adieu ! to each and all ;
Enduring fame be your reward,
Long, as time's eternal scroll.
Strong as Abraham's faith to God !
Have your souls been knit to me,
Where e'er our conq'ring legions trod ;
On mont or plain, on strand or sea.
From Alp to Scrivia's plains,
Boulogne to Austerlitz ;
At Jena, Friedland, and Eylau :
Through Polish swamps and rains,
Essling, Wagram, Borodino,
Malo Yaroslavetz :
From Dresden to Hanau
Montmirail, Montereau.
To France and me in ev'ry war,
Ye my Guards ! still constant were.

With you my matchless grenadiers,
Victories great I yet might gain ;
But would France shed sanguine tears,
Wrestle with anarchial pain.

Ah, no! tis past—o'er 's my career,—
And when dark Fate directs the blow,
My soul would scorn that sword or spear,
For me should stretch a creature low.
What though our brightest fame,
Is dusk with slander's dye;
As o'er our num'rous foes in arms,
(Who dreaded e'en our name,
The Austrian, Russian, Prussian swarms!)
We aye won Victory:
Whose groaning wounded too,
We cherished, though our foe;—
Superior still in fight, in soul!—
We'll cause no useless blood to roll.

Then comrades!—Traitors we have had,
Oh!—how their laurels they 've defiled;
Their Emp'ror! you! they 've both betray'd,
Though on them bright my favours smil'd.
Of those no more!—we can forgive,
Only a world could us subdue;
But long shall France such treason grieve,
Her ravag'd homes and cities rue.
I go to write our deeds,
The glories we have shar'd,
My toil shall be our acts to shew;
France still your service needs,
'Twas for her bliss, her glory too,
All I have done and dar'd:
If I consent to live,
Tis that your weal may thrive,
And our achievements to relate;
Oh! do not then deplore my fate.

Farewell my Guard! adieu once more!
My arms would wish to press ye all;
At least your standard I'll kiss o'er,
That's seen so oft our foemen's fall.
My Grenadiers! you weep—hot tears
Course down each face late stern and dread;
Forbear!—while note yon hostile sneers,
And elevate each frowning head.
Though few! you are that band,
Whom Europe shrank to meet;
Your wives and offspring hail you home;
You! all, throughout the land
(When as with warrior port you come)
The Guard! the Guard! they'll greet.
Oh! glorious is that Name!
More glorious still your Fame!
Let this last kiss each heart enfold;
Farewell once more! my comrades old.

THE BURIAL OF DESAIX.

Come ye brave! ye tempestuous in War!
Come Hussar! fam'd Dragoon, Cuirassier!
Come Veteran! Old Horse-Grenadier!
Come, and bear ye the pall
Of the dauntless in soul!
Come lamenting and follow his bier!

Oh! slow be your course,
And gentle your tread;
Behind the cold corse,
Of the youthful dead;
Whose sad fate e'en the Consul hath mourn'd with a tear.

Germania beheld him in fight,
Oft her Rhine shores hath shook neath his might;
There, mong hosts he the Star was!—the Light!—
And would slumber alone,
In his cloak neath some gun;
Till fair Morning reliev'd dusky Night.
Oh, vic 'try is dear,
When bought with such worth;
How few could compare,
With his animate earth:
But now wailing we bear him t' yon desolate height.

His foot-mould thy hot sand Egypt keeps,
On hoar Cheops his shadow yet sleeps;
Arab, Copht, Turk, his "Just Sultan"! weeps,—
For though a dire foe,
E'er mercy he'd shew;
Not like whom in gore his cruel hand steeps:
Mid temples he stray'd,
Through ruins would dart;
To battle he sped
With what fearless heart.
Aye! mourn him with tears, with falt'ring steps.

Lo! the Hospice looms faint through the haze.
See! descending aslant the sun's rays,
And St. Bernard looks glad in the blaze:

Sound—now! muffled drum!—
While tread we the dome;
Helm and cap high ye warriors raise.
Hark! hark!—yon great gun,
Tells,—Earth he has left!
We sorrow, we groan,
Of our comrade reft.—
But great be his fame, and loud his praise.

He reposes, he rests, as a Hero should lie,
O'er his grave booms the Alpine thunder;
The Wanderer shall pause as he passes him by,
And read of his conquests with wonder.
Go thou to St. Bernard!—there a convent will shew,
Where shrouded in Glory, Desaix sleeps below.

"Whose sad fate e'en the Consul hath mourn'd with a tear."

Lest a misconstruction should be put upon this line let the reader call to mind the remarkable words uttered by Napoleon when informed of the death of Desaix, viz.: "Why is it not permitted me to weep?," Again, the affecting letter written by him to the widow of Bessieres, upon the occasion of that warrior's death; also to the widow of Admiral Brueys, and many others. It will there be seen that he was no stranger to the emotions of the human heart, but having the gain or loss of a great battle solely dependant on his genius, he could not turn aside to grieve, even over the fate of his most attached companions in glory!

"His Just Sultan!" weeps,—

Desaix, when in Egypt, for his general humanity and generosity, was called by the native "Sultan Alraschid," or the Just Sultan.

Author.

MAY MORNING.

AN ODE.

Now Aurora brings the morn,
Down the stellar world descending;
Phœbus through th' orient wending,
Radiant o'er his coursers bending,
Mid clouds of gold is upward borne;
Ho, ye! slumber's iron portals,
Jocund now unbar;
And, be gay and happy—mortals!
Lo! gorgeous from afar;
Welcome with your garlands youths, with songs ye maidens blooming,
And for joy prepare!—
Lovely May your goddess dear, in jubilee is coming,
In her emerald car;
Which ethereal coursers draw, of mould divine,—and white:
Approaching nigh with rushing sound,
Their footsteps court the smiling ground;
Haste ye! e'er the chariot stays; and gaily now invite,
With flow'ry wreaths, while dancing in a ring,
Your goddess dear; and sweetly to her sing,—
Hail! pow'r divine;—hail lovely May;
Welcome! thou art cherished here;
All earth rejoices this fair day,
Our strains of gladness, goddess hear!
Queen of health, and youth, and beauty,
To us every bliss prolong;—
Thus we pay our early duty,
And fondly thee salute.—List our triumphant song!

Her gold'n locks wave in the void ;
Dazzling raiment round her spreading,
Blushes on her fair face feeding,
She moves the sward, majestic treading ;
And springing where her footsteps glide,—
See ! ye, yellow cowslips drooping ;
And the wan primrose ;
And the sapphire hair-bell stooping,—
The silken violet grows :—
Pansies here, in blue and purple, lift their gold'n faces,
—There ! wild woodbines rose :
Daisies star, carbuncle eyed, with silver the green places,
Pale daffodills unclose :
The *bee-shrub high, and glowing rose, exhale their sweet perfume ;
Jessamines faint ;—and ev'ry flow'r,
Obey the kind creative pow'r ;
See ! merry through yon arching glade, again the dancers come ;
Then joining hands, the grass they trip along,
Hark ! a fresh carrol burthens now their song ;—
Being benign ! soul breathing spirit,
Again we celebrate thy praise ;
Flow'rs from thee their lives inherit,
Through thee the plants their tendrils raise ;
Groves and woodlands, verdant mountains,
Thy kindness clothes, thy hand attires ;
And sylvan bow'rs ;—the rippling fountains ;—
Again attend the lay ! thy goodness, goddess, fires.

From th' Elysian regions high,
Phœbus looks, refulgent beaming ;
Heav'n with dazzling light is streaming,
Earth with generous heat is teeming,
While his steeds to the zenith fly.

*Honey-suckle.

The following poem is wrought out of a terrible catastrophe which occurred in Table Bay, on the coast of Africa, where during an awful tempest a Dutch vessel was shipwreck'd, and a courageous native of the name of Woltemaade, mounted on a White Horse, plunged unhesitatingly into the raging element and rescued fourteen individuals from a watery grave. But upon essaying a fifteenth trip, exhausted by his previous efforts, and weighed down by the crowd of frighten'd people, who clung to himself and Horse with the tenacity of despair, apprehensive lest the vessel should founder ere he could return—sunk with the animal and was seen no more.—Au.

THE DEATH OF WOLTEMAADE.

Rapid, signal guns I hear,
Firing with distressful boom;
See! athwart the lightning's glare,
Struggling, crew and vessel come.
Woe! dire woe to them this day,
The hungry waters roar for prey;
And they know not the perils of Table-bay.

Wave and billow raging rise,
Gulfs unfathomable frown;
Round, the surf white frothing flies;
Wat'ry hills dash roaring down;
Black! more black the tempest lours;
Deafening peals the thunder pours;
While the din of the blast dread echoing soars.

Lab'ring through the Ocean-world,
Slow, the noble ship holds way;
Round the yards the sails are furl'd,
And the guns cast in the sea.
Lighter—buoyant then she rides,
With new-born strength the waves divides;—
But vainly alas! her, swift destruction bides.

Hark! with greater fury roll,
Now the thunders of the storm;
Still she hopes to win the goal,
Peering far, of terrene form.
Inky black! yon bill'wy mass
Approaches with terrific pace;—
Mariners the ruin shun—or ended's your race.

Wall'd around with driving foam,
Reels she in the troughy brine;
Through her ports the breakers roam,
Gorging hold and magazine.
Now the whistling cordage breaks,
Through all her mighty bulk she quakes;
And from the severing planks, the water leaks.

List, oh! list,—with horrid crash,
On yon sunken reeff she struck;
Mizen—falls with thund'ring dash,
There! the main in middle broke.
On the waves, oh dire!—she bounds
Masterless; plunges now, now rounds:
And in sport upward, downward toss'd, moaningly sounds.

Reft of hope, despairing cries
Echo mid the tempest's roar;
To the boats each frantic flies,
Vain!—the billows those sweep o'er.
Now loud shrieking, some blaspheme;
To tott'ring bulwarks others stream:
And those view with orbs that resignation beam.

But afar behold a ray,
Glimm'ring through the dark concave;
Broader—like the glow of day,
Speeds it now o'er tumbling wave:
Lo! t'is rider and white horse,
Approaching with tempestuous force;—
Though the main roll mountains high, unstay'd's their course.

From the white steed, frothing part
Billows with tumultuous roll;
Rapid, horse and horseman dart
To the rock—imprison'd hull:
This, the crew, with wond'ring eye,
See, and exult; yet fear to try
Again Ocean's dangers, though refuge be nigh.

Now with vig'rous arm, behold,
One—He to his crupper aids;
Swift the snowy courser bold,
Foaming paths once more invades,
Rolling high upon the gale
An ample mane; they bravely sail,
Where, hissing afar, huge breakers bound and swell.

Spread the rocky shore along,
Crowds the steed and rider greet;
Round the rescued one they throng,
Proff'ring food and raiment meet.
Hark! yon splash—into the main,
Quick plunges man and beast again;
Forth cleaving the waves, more from the wreck to win.

Glows the courser dazzling white,
Heaving o'er the murky deep;
Boils behind a flood of light,
As it's legs the torrent sweep.
While, like God of Ocean, rides,
That dauntless form, mid wrathful tides;
Nor current nor wave, th' united force abides.

There, the throng with joyful hail,
Draw a second wretch to land;
Another, and another,—well
Prove his val'rous heart, and hand:
Heart! no peril may dismay;
A hand e'er ready to display;
Of nerve and might, stretched to human misery.

Though the sea lash'd all to foam,
Threats the sinking earth t' o'erwhelm;
And amid the thunder's boom,
Flashing fire bolts—Heaven's realm;
Fourteen sav'd, to life are giv'n:
While assail'd by lightning's leav'n,
The vessel slow founders, destroy'd and riv'n.

Jaded with the mighty toil,
See! the courser's vigour dies;
Smoke the opeing nostrils boil,
Hot! the branching veins arise:
And from lashing tail, and mane,
Behold the brine in torrents rain!
And scarce the tottering legs their bulk sustain.

View—unmov'd—the rider now,
Like the granite Tow'r of Truth!
One strong hand lays on his brow,
Growing thoughts and cares to sooth.
Now his turning head assail
Yonder drowning seamen's wail;
Loud, piercing, and shrill, sent landward on the gale.

Glows again his throbbing brow,
Lights each orb with flame once more;
Forth the White Horse rushes—lo!
—Stern resolves he t'quit the shore.
See black waves of giant height,
Close grimly round the moving Light;
And on ocean's verge roll vapours dusk as night.

Dreader than the earthquake's roar!
Louder than artill'ry's fire!
Mighty as Etnaan pow'r,
Slaught'ring cities in its ire!
Rage the heav'ns, and wind, and sea:
And hissing harsh, huge clouds of spray,
Shoot bright constellations on the ebon way.

Swift th'undaunted twain, a way,
Cleave where those surviving, float;
Some on spars are seen to lay,
Timely by their tackle caught;
Others,—few alas!—emerge,
With vig'rous strokes from out the surge;
And forth their dreary course, with strength redoubl'd urge.

But that form sublime, may ne'er
Again show Herculean pow'r;
Of the drowning wretches there,
One! e'en toils him t'lift before.—
Ah! see clinging all the rout,
Stern to the steed with frantic shout;
Heavy on tail and mane, and his limbs about.

Back the surging waters fly,
From the courser's sounding feet;
List it's shriek of agony!
As high'r, waves around it meet;
Wild, distended is each eye;
Horrific neighings vault the sky:
And lightnings above, flash lurid speeding by.

From his horse the rider now,
Vain would cast the human load;
When!—resign'd, see tow'rs his brow,
As while erst through seas he rode.
Sinks the struggling burthen slow;
Faint choking screams are heard below:
While billows ascend, high o'er the vanish'd crew.

On the strand crowds pacing come,
Sadly waiting his return;
—Was his steed yon breaker's foam?
No! retiring back, they mourn.
Hark! afar, yon shout—are there,
Courser and man, in Death's fix'd glare;
Now while home they move, floats a lament through air.

"Sing we a dirge for Woltemaade!"
"The brave, the gen'rous, and the good;"
"Now plac'd among, the countless dead."
"And ah! full soon corruption's food."
"Oh! graceful as the mimosa was he;"
"And loving him, sing we his monody."

"The monarch of the arid waste,"
"The tiger of the glen and bush;"
"May tranquil gorge his fell repast:—"
"Through Kraals wide slaught'ring, rampant rush."
"No longer at either his spear he darts;"
"No longer his hot bullets burn their hearts."

"The herd of elephants, unstay'd,"
"Can ravage now our groves of cane;"
"The fierce rhinoceros invade,"
"And ev'ry tree root from the plain."
"He liv'd!—and his *roer ne'er fail'd them to slay;"
"He's dead!—no hunter their progress may stay."

"Vigorous as the light Spring-bok,"
"Strongest in the plantations round,"
"Wrestler nor beast could bide his shock;"
"Though from him both have felt the wound."
"Oh! wail him—wail him—the flow'r of our band;"
"No more shall we see him on Afric land!"

*The Dutchboor's hunting rifle.

Now to the town, o'ercharged with grief they go,
Proclaiming sad, the tidings of their woe;
A gen'ral consternation siezes all,
A universal sorrow fills the soul.
But yet no monument exalts the dead,
No public great memorial marks the deed;
While a proud captain from the gory plain,
An admiral triumphant on the main,
Or statesman gifted with stentorian lung,
Glads ev'ry heart, and leaps from ev'ry tongue;
In marble fashion'd, tow'rs neath ev'ry dome,
In varied semblance, hangs in ev'ry room.
Though still in thought, a form of granite grey,
In height colossal, shall my eyes survey;
Upon the Lion Mountain's hoary head;
A human form fix'd on a firy steed!
With better arm outstretch'd tow'rds Table-Bay,
Where wreck'd, destroy'd, the ship ill-fated lay;
And noble Woltemaade, was made the billows' prey.

THE BATTLES OF WACHAU, LINDENAU, AND LEIPSIC,

AND

DEATH OF PONIATOWSKI.

Time of Action, Three Days.

1.

List ye not the cannon's thunder?
See ye not yon heaven's o'ercast?—
Now the hosts advance, now sunder;
Death is reaping dread and fast.
Louder grow the shouts, more loud,
And harsh jarring ordnance wheels;
Cavalry rush cloud on cloud,
Vapours helm and bay'net shroud,
Save some casual gleams;
And opposing cries and yells,
With rattling musketry,
Are deaf'ning borne this way,
And fiery meteors beam.
On this bloody day,
Giant nations wage the fray;
France! Russia! Prussia! Austria!

2.

Furious now the battle rages,
Hark!—the oft despairing wail;
Freedom, arms gainst Depots,—wages,
Fiercely mid the leaden gale:
While, frown dimly mid the smoke,
Pond'rous standards high upborne;

Urging now the headlong shock,
By iron hail now pierced and struck,—
But lo the gloom departs;
And the ranks are crushed and torn.
While heaped promiscuously,
The dead and dying lie,
With guns, gun-carriage parts;
Cloven helmets nigh;
Drums and trumpets thrown hard by;
And bay'nets, broken swords, attract the eye.

3.

France's eagle proudly soaring,
View where Gorsa lifts her spires,—
On the foe her legions pouring,
Baffled who six times retires,
Sullen! now his centre whirls
Broken,—from their onset dire;
Mad!—dragoon and hulan hurls,
Schwartzenburgh, as vain unfurls
His colours to oppose;
And his squadrons glut the mire.
While each couq'rer scours
To Magdeburgh's far tow'rs,
Where wait the Russian foes;
Then the Cossac roars:
On Murat's dense masses pours,
And the long lance, awhile bears back his powers.

4.

But, to the combat stern advances,
Maubourg's mail-clad heavy horse;

O'er his burnished helmet dances
Each Cuirassier's plumage coarse.
Now, the King of Naples, fierce,
Left of Wachau thund'ring falls;
Th' corps of Dragoon-Guards appears,
And the Polish squadrons pierce,
By Wachau on the right;
While the smoke more thickly rolls.
See headlong through the foe,
Le Beau Sabreur go:
Nor valour checks His might.
After, though more slow;
Latour Maubourg's troopers, plough
With the brave Poles, dire through the hateful crew.

5

Mark yon sullen crowd approaching,
Captured by the brave Le Tort;
There, the Hun with head moves crouching,
And the Russian's eye-brows lour.
While, behind are hundreds more,
Alexander's vaunted guard;
They ta'en prisoners by Latour,
Now diverge, and march before,
In stern and loit'ring mood;
For black rage their pace retards.
Lo, where the Hero rides!
The line compact divides;
(There!—yonder he is view'd.)
Curial now guides,
His grenadiers with huge strides,
Where Doelitz stands, environed on all sides.

6

Black their crests tow'r in the battle,
Bright their forward weapons gleam;
Fast around sounds death's dread rattle,
Few from them can life redeem.
Into Doelitz soon they speed,
Without firing e'en a shot;
Thousands by their bay'nets bleed,
And from foes the Town is freed,
With full twelve hundred seiz'd;
And, see! Meerfeldt's in the Lot.
Lo! how disorderly,
The Despot forces flee;
While Druot's guns are rais'd.
And, rapidly,
Storms of grape, now hurtling high;
Tumble to earth, the hostile cavalry.

7

Guilay, Thielmann. Lichtenstein,
Hurry forth to Lindenau:
Bertrand orders there his line,
And undaunted waits the foe.
They, from different parts, deploy
Fifty guns of pond'rous weight:
—See! six times repulsed, they fly;—
Or around his post dead lie;
And to end the affray,
His reserve rush with fierce feet;
Who slay or capture all,
Within their route that fall;
And hot, the enemy,
In confusion roll,

Back from Leipsic's outer wall,
And bridges huge; defeated one, and all.

8

Four grenadiers slow returning,
One laid on a litter bear;
" Latour blesse," cry they mourning,
And on th' rearward frowning glare.
Maison 's wounded too, shout those;
—There ! the Emp'ror, grave draws nigh ;—
Now to Poniatowski throws,
For fierce valour gainst the foes,
A Marshall's Staff emblaz'd;
And crosses, stars t' those hard by.
This first day's victory,
For France shall hear with joy;
—Against such Numbers plac'd.—
Of th' enemy,
Five and twenty thousand lie,
Wounded or slain : or as war prisoners sigh.

9

Though the losses be thus dreadful,
Mong the armies of the Foe;
This they scorn !—or seem nor heedful,
While such myriads they can shew.
See, yon whizzing star of flame !
Other rockets, there ascend;
Those from Benn'gson', legions came,
Here announcing of Russe name,
More fifty thousand speed;
And their reinforcements wend,
To bring auxiliar aid ;

Lo! far their masses spread.
Morning those shall lead,
Once more fierce to fight array'd;
Yet fate shall frown, and hundred hundreds bleed.

10.

But, behold! on pinions darkling,
Swarthy Night her veil impends;
Three gun-shots,—yon watch-fires sparkling,
Tell's!—the first day's conflict ends.
And, alas! though oft repell'd,
Blucher's trebly stronger force,
Marmont 's now push'd o'er the field!
And neath Leipsic-wall's 's beheld:
Yet France the Vict'ry's won!
Treads triumphant back her course,
And seeks the balm of rest;
While laughter loud, and jest,
Are heard with each loud groan,
From steeds dying press'd;—
But! see homeward, night bids haste,
Until the morn, when war's anew address'd.

11.

Round Probstheyda — quaking dreadly,
Sounds the battle's thund'ring boom;
There! the hosts are struggling deadly,—
Rockets red hiss up the gloom.
See, on Thornberg! — placid stands,
The World's unrivall'd Captain great;
Horse and foot, his vet'ran bands,
Ardent wait his lov'd commands;
But, — fix'd his eagle gaze!—

While, wide round with steps elate,
His brave battalions rush;
And — in each wood and bush,
Trailleur, and Rifle, lays;
Proud his features flush,
For — (O wondrous skill!) — now push,
Great guns on front and flank, his foes to crush.

12.

At last, — (dire ill!) — into the village,
Have th' Allies huge masses poured;
Hasting hot to burn and pillage, —
There! — Gaul's eagle backward soar'd.
But, behold yon column dim! —
See! it hastes with Lightning feet!
O'er a cloud of plumage grim,
Forward, once more, standards beam;
With cries — of "vive l' Empereur"!
And those, — "la vielle Garde"! repeat.
While the Great Captain! guides;
Nor foot nor horseman bides
Their shock, but urge the spur: —
— From their might divides; —
And out the village, rides
Foes half destroyed, and glad their fury voids

13.

To his post on hoary Thornberg,
Back the Hero now returns,
There! mid facine, trench, and hornwork, —
Th' eye his form august discerns.
Placid is his watch — and lone,
Cool, each movement he directs;

Hurls with swift decision down,
Pond'rous colums on the Town.
Who death and ruin bring;
Nor th' foe's larger force protects; —
Whose mangled lines o'erthrown,
O'er all the field are strown;
While, from the victor's spring
Shouts — " the day's our own ! "
And, neath rushing horse, the groan
Of th' trampled, sounds, — the Dying's stifled moan.

14.

Now each Despot counts his losses.
Draws his suff'ring myriads back;
Grief and rage his soul engrosses,
For, repulsed in each attack
Where Napoleon holds command, —
Is the Grand Confed'rate Host ! —
Nor hath gain'd one inch of land;
There,—from French, or other band.
And on the Northen side,
Ney hath chased from every post,
Blucher and Bernadotte;
But see ! (oh ! madding thought),
Now from his ranks divide,
While the strife burns hot,
Full ten thousand Saxons, — fraught
With hate, and fire on those, mong whom they fought.

15.

Lo ! the lines, how thinn'd and bloody,
As each step their guns advance;

Th' " Brave of Braves ! "with temples cloudy,
Sends around his lightning glance,
Now he heads the desp'rate charge,
And the traitors, transient mourn ;
To one heap their masses merge,
And reformed, his lines enlarge ;
With hope the foe to turn.
But, by fresh troops, see ! o'erborne,
Are, struggling, backward driv'n ;
Crushed by artill'ry's leaven,
To Liepsic move war-worn.
T' History is giv'n,
No crime so treach'rous, neath heav'n
Which stains the Saxon name ; unwash'd, unriv'n.

16.

Night's black shadows thick are coming,
And involve th' horizon round ;
Still the ordnance huge are booming,
Dreadly o'er the Death-mown ground.
List ! — now grow the sounds more faint;
They, reluctant, own Heav'n's best ;—
As erst, three thund'ring shots are sent ;
T' publish *this* day's conflict's spent.—
By wounded and the dead,
Now the gory field 's possessed ;
And the murmuring noise,—
Of marching companies,
Throughout each camp is spread.
Now the canteen hies,
And bivouac fires round arise ;
Meanwhile to strip the slain, the plund'rer flies.

17

Lo ! for a *third*, a Final struggle,
Dauntless form the Sons of France ;
Standards roll, and sounds the bugle,
And the fi'ry chargers prance.
See ! — appears the Captain Great !—
Lights his eye an ardent flame ;
Round him his fam'd Marshalls wait ;
'Long the Line the charge is beat ;
When hurriedly draw near,
Dulauloy ! Sorbier 'twould seem ;
Who tidings ill disclose ;
When, sternly bend his brows.
The while, all, chagrin'd hear
Th' host to Erfurt goes,
For munitions to oppose ;
As four score thousand balls are lost on Foes.

18

See ! artillery, parks, and baggage,
By the Chief directed now,
Haste to pass, sans halt or laggage,
Through defiles of Lindenau.
Thither march the army corps,
And too, all the Cavalry ; —
While the Emp'ror speeds before,
And Leipsic gains at the ninth hour.
When ! swift his soul decides,
T' shield his forces moving by,
Six thousand full shall stay ;
And sixty cannon lay,
Within the Town's wall'd sides ;
Poniatowski !

And Tarentum's Duke!—must sway
This "Tête de Defile! keeping th' foe at bay.

19

Want of stores, the Saxon treason,
Ills the Chief could not foresee;
Make France quit that glorious vision,
Of unbounded Victory.
Twice have the quadruple foes,
Sunk before her direful glance;
Each day o'er her Vict'ry rose,
Still, *Her*! Fortune left to choose
No fruits but quick retreat;
Nor so felicitous such chance,
For, hence to Lindenau,
Two leagues their windings show;
With marsh and forest set.
Saxons may not know
Th'ire of Greatness — feel the Blow;
For their King's faith—Leipsic shall stand and grow.

20

While Aurora now emerges,
Lovely from her rosy bower;
Baggage, parks, artillery, verges,—
And the Cavalry swift pour,
(Of the host two thirds have pass'd)
Through dark Lindenau's defile.
And the suburbs t' hold till th' last,
With brave Poniatowski's plac'd,
Tarentum's Duke' renown'd!
All the forces pass the while;
Then, after, follow on.

Those yon', to save the town,
To Schwartzenburgh are bound,
While, Napoleon!
Iot to Lindenau is gone,
ınd waits to view, his army safely flown.

21.

Iither! o'er his troubles mourning,
Comes the Saxon monarch old;
Vith him see a band returning,
Whom, nor threats could buy, nor gold.
How indignant, griev'd, he stood,
As he saw his forces base,
Torrents shed of noblest blood;
Blood which from those champions flow'd,
Mong whom they'd lately fought,
Defenders sole of th' Saxon race,
From his Hero parted,
Moves he broken hearted;
Through th' town (now danger fraught)
By all deserted,
Save th' band who t' shield him darted,
He waits those, t' whom Victory hath reverted.

22.

Hark!—again the cannon booming?
Aye!—and hotly through the Town,
Are th' Oppressor-Despots coming;
Batt'ring stern the suburbs down.
Now arrested in their course,
As the Rear-guard columns lour;—
Slaughter'd lie they foot and horse,
Smote each limb—their monstrous force:

And back they reel repelled.
While thick Death the victors pour.
See! with dire blasphemy,
Those baffled myriads flee;—
Macdonald strides the field:—
Now he hastes away;
But, entrench'd in windows high,
Base Saxons fire; and th' troops move hurriedly.

23

Scarce they haste, when furious raging,
Gath'ring courage as they view,
Foes th' assault once more are waging,
And hot after him pursue.
Now the grand bridge they attain,
Leipsic 'tween and Lindenau;
Neath, fougades are ready lain,
When pass all, and none remain,
(Likewise the foe t' retard,)
Up the Bridge at once to blow.
But hark! yon rearward cries
With thunder rend the skies;
And hot, they rush hereward.
Lo! each Despot hies,
Now the eye his form descries,
Victor! Kneeling to Heav'n with deceitful guise.

24.

There! too, that Arch-Traitor enters,
Foot-Ball-Player Bernadotte!
O'er his mountain beak scarce ventures,
Each grey orb to peer about,
Basely, vilely, he repays,

Gifts showered on him by Grand Homme;
He may well avert his face,
Who his breth'ren wounds and slays,
(Beneath an outlaw's ban)
Mong—who 't smite his country come.
Oh! hark—yon thund'ring sound!
Feel!—Earth is quaking round;
Dire evil shrouds the van.
See! through air rebound,
'laming from their stony bond
'he bridges beams,—now cleave they the profound.

25.

ıh! that madd'ning fatal error,
France! shall mourning ever rue;
ee! the rear-guard halt in terror;—
And dismay'd th' disaster view.
High the cries despairing ride,
"The foe is close upon our rear,"
And the bridges are destroyed."
Frantic then they break, divide,
And rush in panic haste;
Some, plunge in the torrent here;
Some gain the forest nigh,
Or hid in ravines lie;
And yonder scour the waste.
Vain, the waves defy
tern Macdonald, now swam by;
ıut neath their force, Lauriston sinks for aye.

26.

Vhat is he who comes bareheaded?
See! he grasps a gory blade:
ılares he round, as if he dreaded

Foes his forward course waylaid.
On!—he darts towards the Pleiss.
Seems his steed to chase the ground;
Glowing fair through yonder trees,
Their forms a group of pennons raise,
By Polish Lancers borne:
Who behind yon warrior bound.
That warrior—Lo! is He,
Dauntless Poniatowski!
Pursued and battle-worn.
Now the enemy,
Crowd the river's margin,—see!
And the earth quakes, neath peals of musketry.

27.

From his cross the blood is pouring,
Stains of gore defile his vest;
Darkly still his brows are low'ring,
His sword cleaves many a crest.
There he plunges in the stream,
Drown'd, his charger sinks beneath;
His staff devote can scarce redeem
From the hungry waters, him;
When mounted once again,
Ere free from the late threat'ned death:
Tempestuous now he scours,
Afar where Elster pours,
His torrents through the plains.
Hark! the near flood roars,
Foamy black, each billow soars,
Deaf'ning, tumultuous! o'er the craggy shores.

28.

Rapid in the muddy surges,
Leaps he from the rocky brink;
Forth his struggling steed he urges,
Round him fast his foll'wers sink.
His efforts are, alas! in vain;
Higher, see!—the billows rise;
Two, his fainting form sustain;
But, behold! he falls again,
And floats upon the foam;
While his second courser dies.
Now, never may he more
A youthful victor pour,
Beneath the cannon's boom;
For, his race is o'er:—
Sons of Poland shall deplore,
Their Herc-Prince; now gasping Life's last hour.

29

Now the Saxons, see! are coming,
And the Prussian despot's slaves;
O'er his sunken corse are humming,
Th' exulting river's volant waves.
But shall France and Freedom mourn,
Ever, this brave warrior's death;
By the marge erect an urn,
Mariners shall from far discern,
And grieving, laud his name;
And,—say, there resigned his breath,
Sad Poland's final hope;
Whom no fond ties could stop,
From duty, and from fame.
See! yon hostile group,

To rifle the drowned corpses stoop ;
And from the stream, each struggling wretch pull up.

30.

Faithless Elster ! woe betide thee,
Poison smite thy waters foul ;—
Piercing torment sit beside thee,
Ever, as thy billows roll.
May no verdure deck thy shore,
Tree, nor brake, surmount thy cliffs ;
O'er thee bird nor insect soar ;
In thy breast no streamlet pour,
Ingrate ! it's limpid balm ;
While his form expiring lives,
Within the sorr'wing mind ;
Who life for France resigned :
And may no soothing calm,
Ever thy stream find.
But afar its journey wind,
And leave thee shunned, thou basest ! of thy kind.

Historians are at variance respecting the number of troops engaged on both sides, at the great battle of Leipsic. But even his very enemies allow, that during the whole of that terrible conflict, Napoleon was much inferior to the opposing armies; for the contest, or rather the battles of Wachau, Lindenau, and Leipsic, lasted two entire days; together with a partial resumption of the struggle on the morning of the fourth. And most writers are unanimous, in that, although so greatly outnumbered, he sustained, and was victor, in those several engagements; overthrowing and destroying, with immense loss, the Russian, Silesian, and Grand Austrian forces, or as they were called—The Confederate Host; and without suffering himself, any disaster, commensurate to that which he inflicted upon the enemy: whose whole array, though so enormous, were at the end of the second day, broken, scattered, and all but totally annihilated;—routed and hurled backward, full six leagues from the walls of Leipsic. But ill-fortune, accident, or rather treachery, often counteracts and makes useless, the most splendid and the most decisive successes; it has frequently done so, and will do so again. Yet will History record with feelings of indignation and abhorrence, the premeditated, unparallelled, and dastardly circumstance, of 10,000 Saxons,—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—passing over from their allies, into the ranks of the foe; and by further consummating so infamous a deed, thence opposing and slaughtering, the troops with whom they had been but a short time before combating the Despot myriads, trampling the fair plains around Leipsic. Had not this event taken place, it is indisputable, that the whole of the overwhelming forces of the Coalesced Powers, would have been beaten, killed, or taken prisoners, on those vast and unbounded plains; and the great Emperor of France and his faithful and upright ally, the King of Saxony, would have had the unequalled satisfaction of contemplating the united armies of the greatest powers on

the continent, innumerable, as the Oriental phrase hath it, "as the sands of the sea"; flying before them discomfited and inglorious. But as if to maintain the equilibrium of all things, that Being, whose power can exalt a vile worm even to Glory, here smote the Victorious and the Mighty; and, as before, he had made a base Saxon the instrument with which to strike, finally caused the retreat of those, who were exultant and triumphant; which when displayed to the eyes of the amazed Oppressors—who furious, cast down, and dismayed, were in complete flight;—they once more saw the reviving spark of hope. and led on by Arrogance and Bravado, pressed forward with their re-united mass, of nearly 400,000 men, to trample to destruction the retiring host of 150,000, who had so energetically wrested from them the two day's victories.

To give here a succinct account of the battle, would by many be deemed superfluous, especially as it has been so largely entered into throughout the composition; but a brief summary, in order to compare with the Poem, would perhaps by some be thought necessary:—

On the 15th October, 1813, Prince Schwartzenburgh commanding the Austrian Army, announced that there should be a great and decisive battle the following day. Accordingly on the 16th, at nine in the morning, the allied forces, in three grand colums, marched: one on the village of Doelitz, one on Liber Wolkowitz, and one on Wachau. At ten, the canonade became violent; and at eleven, the two hosts at those villages were engaged. Seven times did the allies, preceded by an immense artillery, attack those places, and were as often uniformly repulsed, covering the approaches with their dead: Lauriston, Poniatowski, and Victor, having there the honour of sustaining the defence. The seventh assault being repulsed, and 2000 prisoners taken, the moment had arrived; and Napoleon directed forward four divisions of his young guard, two on Wachau, two on Liber Wolkowitz; and 150

pieces of cannon under Drouet; which baffled all the enemy's attempts in that quarter, until three o'clock: when his reserves being forced into action, Count Meerfeldt, with six divisions of Austrians, and the Russian Imperial Guards, fell upon Doelitz, and surrounded Victor's squares. But the King of Naples thundered forward,—with the cuirassiers of Latour Maubourg, he burst upon them by the left of Wachau; Letort by the right; and although withheld for a time by the long lances of the Cossac-guard, they eventually routed all before them to Magdeburg. Meanwhile, in another part of the field, Guilay, Thielmann, and Lichtenstein, deployed full 50 pieces of cannon, and assailed Lindenau with desperation; but Gen. Bertrand, who commanded there, withstood all their efforts; and at five in the evening, made a charge with his reserve, and constrained them to evacuate the field. The combat had lasted six hours. Yet Marmont on the right of the Partha, was through some misdirection, or accident, nearly beaten by Blucher; but after hard fighting, succeeded in inflicting on him great loss. So the first day ended, and the French were victorious. The allies after a loss of 25000 men, (the loss of their opponents being 2400) retreated two leagues; and the 17th was spent,— by them in re-uniting their troops, and bringing up reinforcements; by Napoleon, in drawing them on to other ground. On the 18th at two in the morning, he was formed: his right at Connewitz, his centre at Probstheyda, and his left at Stoetteritz; being himself at the mill of Ta. Ney stood against the army of Silesia on the Partha; the Duke of Padua and Genl. Dombrowski guarded Leipsic on the road of Halle. At three in the morning the Emperor was at Lindenau, and ordered Bertrand to sweep all the plain, and secure the debouches of the Saale; the enemy's light troops were soon dispersed, and he waited their attack with firmness. At nine the allies marched upon all the line; and at ten, the battle commenced. Poniatowski and Gl. Lesol

awaited them by Connewitz; Murat was at Probstheyda, and Macdonald at Holzhausen. All the efforts of the allies against the two first failed; but Macdonald was near being outflanked. Napoleon, stationed with his old guard in four massive columns directed against the principal points of attack, ordered him on to Stoetteritz; where the fight raged tremendous. Meantime the allies were repulsed four times from Probstheyda; and at five, the reserve drove them a league from the field of battle. Also the army of Silesia, notwithstanding its repeated efforts, was driven from before Halle. The allies were defeated too by Ney, when seeking to pass the Partha; and at three o'clock victory was again on the side of the French;—over every part of the field. At that moment however, all the Saxon army, and the Wurtemburg cavalry, passed over to the enemy; leaving but 500 men. This created an opening, and delivered up a debouch which had been intrusted to the Saxons to defend; who with the greatest infamy turned their 40 pieces of cannon against the division Durutte. A little disorder was naturally the consequence; but aid was at hand. Napoleon sent his horse-guards under Nansouty with 20 pieces of cannon, and proceeded himself, with a portion of his guards to Reidnitz; order was restored, and the enemy forced to evacuate the field. Thus were the French conquerors also on the second day. The loss of the allies was immense, that of the victors 4,000. At six in the evening preparations were made for a third grand day; but Napoleon was informed at his bivouac that the expenditure of cannon balls had been unprecedented,—he was in that necessary greatly deficient;—and a movement on one of the depots, Erfurth, or Magdeburgh, was indispensable, for a further supply. Thus was he constrained to resign the field, and the fruits of two glorious victories. The retreat was then ordered through the defiles of Lindenau. But to retard the approach of the allies, should they again resume offensive

measures, and to allow his army time to defile in good order, and without precipitation; he placed in Liepsic, which is a walled town and fortified, a rearguard of 6000 men and 60 pieces of artillery, under the joint command of Macdonald and Poniatowski; with orders to blow up the bridge after the troops had all passed. He himself repaired to the suburbs of Liepzic. The allies, before humiliated and dejected, could not conceal their joy and surprise; and calling up all their resources, reserves, and reinforcements, assaulted the suburbs with fury; but its brave defenders repulsed every attempt, and three-fourths of the army had passed over, when a corporal of sappers, an ignorant fellow, who had been intrusted with the blowing up of the bridge, suddenly beholding a part of the enemy, set fire to it, over which the last column was about to pass; and needlessly sacrificed a corps of the army and 80 pieces of cannon, besides a great quantity of ammunition waggons. Disorder in the corps on the opposite bank immediately ensued, which was augmented by cries of "The enemy is on our rear, and the bridges are destroyed"; again, by the Saxon infantry, who consummated their baseness, by firing from the windows of the houses upon the panic stricken troops. Some saved themselves by plunging in the river Elster, but many sunk to rise no more. Poniatowski, at the head of 2000 Poles, &c. and his staff, seeing huge columns of the allies approaching, exclaimed to those about him, "Gentlemen, it is better to fall with honour"; and rushed with his heroic band to the combat. He succeeded in cutting his way through the first line, but was wounded in the arm, which he tied up in a sling; also through the second, but received another and more dangerous wound, right above his cross; and lost much blood. Before him lay the Pleisse, but lined all along with Prussian riflemen; into it however he plunged, and got across; though with the loss of his charger. He next scoured away to the Elster, took his

final and fatal plunge, and in its deep and muddy torrent, sunk to rise no more. His body was drawn up afterwards by a fisherman; it had on a gala uniform, and the fingers were adorned with costly rings. This lamented hero, Prince Joseph Poniatowski, was most warmly attached to Napoleon and the French cause, as the latter had pledged himself to raise Poland to its rank, and him to the sovereignty. He was nephew of Stanislaus Augustus, the last king, and therefore the rightful heir. Meanwhile a few of the retreating army saved themselves by swimming, among whom was Macdonald; but Lauriston was engulphed. Thus although victorious in the two day's battles, was the French army, through Saxon treachery on the one hand, and a terrible and unforeseen disaster on the other, obliged to give way; and arrived at Lindenau like a defeated army. But posterity will award the meed of valour to that incomparable skill, and that unrivalled and impetuous bravery, displayed by a host so inferior in numbers and ammunition; and struggling with privations and necessities for the cause of Freedom, against the ban of Despotism.—Au.

BEDOUIN ARABS.

Behold those treach'rous Arab bands, with chargers from Ned-jed,
They live by plunder on the plain, nor hold the law in dread;
Where tamarinds and coffee-shrubs, and spices scent the shore,
Arabia's most blessèd land, their hardy coursers bore.
Like whilwinds on those noble steeds, they scour the desert sands,
Boreas greets them as they fly,—their lances in their hands;—
Upon some hapless caravan, they pounce with lightning speed,
The golden sun high on his throne, surveys the bloody deed.

Now clashing steel invades the air, the burning sand is red,
And blood is trickling drop by drop, and ghastly grin the dead;
The slaughter'd Turk lies on his back, with spear-head in his brain,
The Hindoo cleft with scymitar, groans near him on the plain; —
Where gasping for his parting breath, with costly turban green,
A pilgrim 's stretched, from Mecca who, the Prophet's shrine hath seen;
Armenians, Greeks, and Afric's sons, from distant climes around,
And more from countries far remote, are laid upon the ground.

Now see what costly merchandize, and riches strew the ground,

Shawls from Cashmere, Thibetian wools, and silks from Trebizond;
And finest stuffs from Persia's looms, and lace from sunny France,
While ostrich plumes of rainbow hue, salute the sun and dance:
And shaggy furs and greasy oil, from Greenland's icy shore,
Where monster fishes sport the main, and billows foam and roar;
With dust of gold, and ivory, and ebon's sable hue,
Are strewn upon the yellow sands, and hold awhile the view.

Sol's beams in golden mist descend, and dazzling is the glare,
He paints with Iris' changing hues, Golconda's diamond rare;
And em'ralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and costliest gems appear,—
—Mingled together, brightly shine, and light the scene afar:
Now helmets flash with nodding plumes, that cast a varied shade,
And scaly armour fiercely burns, by Milan artists made;
And matchlocks, swords, and yataghans, and gauntlets for the hand,
Heap'd in disorder, lie confused, along the scorching sand.

Hark to the signal of the Sheik! and rapidly advance,
These children of the desert drear, their coursers snort and prance;
Each Arab bounds into his seat,—in wild attire they come,
With eager eye and throbbing breast, each seeks his desert home;

Their lances glitter to the sky, their steeds with fury spurn,
The firy sand in clouds behind,—the white foam champ and churn;
They send their yells upon the blast, they pour along the plain,
A pendent sky of copper hue, breathes on the warlike train.

They bound above the prickly-pear, and leave the date behind,
On, on they rush! their coursers proud, step with the wingèd wind;
At length each gains his snow-white tent, ties up his matchless mare,
Enters within, his tale relates, and shews his plundered share:
But guarded by a chosen troop, the captives march in pain,
Their dreadful fate they know too soon, 'tis slav'ry's galling chain;
Yet if the wand'rer should partake, of Arab's salt and bread,
They'd lose their lives in his defence, e'er aught should harm his head.

THE CUCKOO, AND OTHER BIRDS;

In which also is narrated an incident that befel LE VAILLANT, the enterprising French Naturalist.

Stay, mysterious wand'rer stay,
O whither dost thou fly?
Though from me borne on rapid wing,
Loud sounds thy distant cry.

Now Spring is fled, some other land,
Awaits thy presence there;
Where spring reigns not, thou scorn'st to be,
So will not loiter here.

'Tis said, where Afric's Western coast,
O'erlooks the Indian Main;
Through her impervious wilds — a voice,*
Seems mimicking thy strain.

And like to thine, chaste vesture wears,
So like — that none discern;
Save nature's sages — diff'rence aught;
And they from Nature learn.

*As one of the Genus (the Lineated Cuckoo of Western Africa) is so very like the common Cuckoo of Europe, so much indeed as to have caused considerable disputation, it frequently being taken for it;—and the difference of markings such as only Naturalists are able to determine; to that I have alluded in the course of the poem.—Au.

Then, dost thou hail that gorgeous clime,
And thy quaint music trill? —
There Heaven with a luxurious hand,
Shews its unrivalled skill.

Where Violet-Plantain-Eaters stalk,
Of glossy purple hue;
And, crested Green-Touracos, hide
Among the trees from view.

"And Violet Plantain-Eaters stalk."

Nothing in nature is more splendid than this really magnificent bird. Other species are radiant, gorgeous, beautiful and striking; but they cannot in anything hope to match or rival this—which ought to be designated the Regal Bird. The general plumage is a vivid and lustrous deep black, though in some parts and more especially on the wings, contrasting with a bright crimson, graduating into lilac; whose hue, and particularly on those parts, is most intense and glowing; and unequalled it is supposed in any other bird. The beak though apparently large, is neither disproportionate nor fantastic; and in this wise bears no resemblance to the monstrous bills of Toucans, Hornbills, &c., but coincides with the size and appearance of the bird: and being partly of a rich yellow, and partly dyed with deep crimson, lights and incites us to the contemplation of the whole plumage. In its movements it is very graceful, and in its most ordinary appearance may be characterized thus. The orbits are naked, and with the velvetty feathers of the crown, of a glossy crimson or scarlet; while the external surfaces of the upper and lower mandibles are also of a bright crimson, but mingling with a dazzling yellow; beheld upon the frontal part. A pure white stripe surrounds the ears, and carmine gloss'd over with different shades of lilac, adorns the secondary and part of the primary quills, terminated and bounded with blackish violet; which spreads over all the

And Rollers Blue, whose changing lights,
No art can imitate;
— Ultra marine and beryl tint,
They flash in gaudy state;

plumage, but changes on the under parts to a dark green. The legs are black, and the gape wide. Altogether one of Western Africa's most attractive birds.—Au.

"And, crested green Touracos, hide"

The usual hues and gradations of plumage, exhibited by this beautiful bird, called—"The Senegal Touraco"—are what I am now going to mention. The bill is apparently of a darkish purple; blacker near the centre; and the sides, edges, or margins, (within or without) bright crimson. The orbits, red or crimson, and naked; while before the eye is a white stripe, similar, but lesser, to that seen around the ears of the species before noticed—"The Violet Plantain-Eater." The colour of the head, neck, wing-covers, &c.—grassy green; but without lustre; which continues to the breast, where it mingles with a dusky hue, purple, or clouded black. As to the other features of this bird, now, after having somewhat treated of the tints it generally assumes; to describe farther, would be doing injustice to the description of it given by "Le Vaillant"; who comments upon its nature and peculiarities, in his constantly truthful and happy manner; which will be found comprising a rather lengthy and compendious note at the end of this poem: and to which I must now beg to refer the reader.—Au.

"And Rollers Blue."

Among the distinguished genus of Rollers, is perhaps none more celebrated than the one now under notice; or, as it is called "The Blue bodied Roller." To describe the colours of its plumage and general appearance, would be almost impossible;

— Anon, their necks of vivid fawn,
  Mingle with pallid green ;
And soon from emerald and blue,
  Their wings are kindling seen,

To countless gleamings still as bright;
  Could gorgeousness of plume
Make beauty ? these, were fairest birds
  Of all that Afric roam.

With azure back, and scarlet bill,
  And bosom snowy white,
King-hunters ! o'er the winding stream,
  Now dart with rapid flight.

as neither words set in language the most glowing, nor art exercised by the most skilful hand, could ever hope, even faintly, to give a just representation of the dazzling metallic reflections of the mingled lines of ultra-marine, azure, beryl, and changeable fawn, with which it is adorned. But as this department belongs more immediately to the scientific naturalist than to the poet, to the labours of that philosophy, must the reader be referred.—Au.

"With azure back and scarlet bill."

The bird here meant, is the "Rufous-vented King-Hunter." Feet and bill, vivid crimson, or scarlet colour; the body,—above, —tail, rump, and half the wings, bright cerulean blue; (spurious quills or feathers of these last, blue green) wing covers black &c. velvet black; and the crown, sides of the head, (all but the ears, which are paler, and nearly whitish;) light drab brown. Below—throat, neck, and breast,—white; lower down—the flanks, under wing-covers, &c. rufous; more deep as it approaches the tail, which latter is rounded; and the margins of the wings—

The Oriole pours out her notes,
In plumage clad like gold;
Parrots, and Weavers, to the boughs
Cling with tenacious hold.

white. In its natural state, it is seen flitting to and fro over some rolling torrent, or beside the purling stream; and thus beheld, is one of the most delightful objects that ornaments an African landscape.

"The Oriole"

The African Golden Oriole, is one of those most gorgeous gems that occasionally dazzle the eye of the beholder amid the dense forests of that, in some degree, unexplored and untrodden region. For, from a constant habit of perching on the branches of the highest trees, it is difficult to shoot; and seldom seen. But when once revealed, the observer is struck with the various gradations of the different brilliant yellows, which almost wholly constitute the feathers of its plumage; but as this gives only a vague idea to the inquirer, I will attempt a description. In the first place, it differs from the European Orioles in being much smaller; the length, even to the point of the tail, measuring but nine inches Various shades of yellow compose the whole plumage; the bill, or beak is bright red, and the feet blackish or dark. A clean bright shining yellow covers the whole of the body, save where it is diversified with black or darkish brown, such as in the wings, part of the tail, &c. And over this colour, beneath the reflection of the sun, would seem to appear golden gleamings, mingling with shades of other yellows, if possible, more magnificent and brilliant than the former. But it would not be easy even in the most florid description, truthfully to convey anything but a faint idea of this most beautiful bird. Therefore, for a better account of its appearance, nature, and habits, LeVaillant's "Oiseaux D'Afrique," is suggested to be perused; and the second vol. on the "Birds of Western Africa," of the series of the Naturalists Library.

Sun-Birds, of diff'rent size and hue,
Sport in the noon-tide beams,
In purple, green, and scarlet plumes;
O'erlit with golden gleams.

"Parrots and Weavers to the boughs."

Of Parrots and their species here characterized it will suffice to give a description of one of the most beautiful, as to dilate upon each of the numerous tribe would be extending these notes beyond their usual limits. The one then selected is the Rose-Ringed Paraqueet, whose hues are in as close accordance and as pleasingly diversified as those of any bird throughout the dominion of Nature. Nearly the whole of the plumage is grass green; glowing in places with more vivid markings of the same colour; a broad collar of azure surrounds the neck, and below that a narrow band of deepest black, broader beneath the throat, where it assumes the appearance of a cross; basing all, is seen a stripe of palish carmine, in like manner encompassing the breast and shoulders. The middle part of the tail has a blueish lustre, as also nearly a third of each quill and several parts of the body; the beak is dark carmine with a whitish centre: the feet and eyes dark brown, or faint black. In its nature it is very lively and loquacious, often chattering loudly at the passer-by from the summit of some towering patriarch of the forest; or now flitting through the umbrage; or like many of the Parrot-tribe swinging its form at the extremity of some tender elastic branch, spreading its tail like a fan, and uttering its scream of indignation at the unwelcome intruder on its retreat. They are often kept in confinement for the extreme beauty of their appearance, being thought a requisite essential to a drawing-room; but possess no other quality, than to attract admiration, or secure for themselves attachment.—Au.

Watching the roaring cataract,
With startling cry, and shrill;
Some Coucal — robed in sombre blue,
May ope his yellow bill.

Perchance upon a prickly bush,
With glowing crimson breast;

Weavers have of late acquired so much celebrity in this country from the singular manner in which it is related they build their nests—some being pendent, and others arranged so as to appear like a bee-hive—that to attempt a description, to many would be offensive; as nearly every student of Natural History has somewhere read the accounts of the different naturalists and travellers who love to expatiate on the singularities of this curious species; the material of which they fabricate their dwellings, and the perfection and ingenuity of their architecture.

"Sun-birds of diff'rent size and hue."

Sun birds may properly be designated the Humming-birds of Africa. For like those charming creatures are they to be seen, beneath the noontide beams, flitting and darting;—sparkling with the mingled rays of violet and emerald, of green and golden, of crimson and azure, of purple and all nature's hues; and again with gold besprinked metallic gleamings, and flashing and shining plumes; now athwart the forest glade, now hovering over some beloved of Flora, and anon spangling the empyreum with the lustre, the indescribable splendour, of their varied forms.—Au.

"Some Coucal robed in sombre blue."

The whole plumage of this bird is a deep blue, except on the front where it grows lighter. The bill is yellow. In its nature it is closely allied to the Cuckoo, its habits also are somewhat similar, but as it is an uninteresting bird, and of not much account, the description will end here.—Au.

The Nut-Cracker with powerful beak,
Devours its shelly feast.

Behold! yon lofty desert flow'r
To earth its crest submits;
In white and blue, with bill of red,
A small finch on it sits:

'Tis of the little Whidah race,
And, joyful as it sings;
Bow'd by its weight, now up, now down,
The child of Flora springs.

"The Nutcracker with powerful beak."

This is the Crimson Nutcracker. Notwithstanding the vivid crimson of this bird's front: the uncouth form of the bill to the observer would appear repulsive and scarce worthy of notice, were he not to reflect, the peculiarities of its nature, render it one of the most interesting specimens of Ornithology. The bill of this bird is of unusual strength and thickness, indeed it may be safe to affirm there is nothing throughout the whole feathered creation of such massive hardness. And assuredly the nuts or fruit broken by this bird must be of flinty power; hence from cracking these, originated its name. The general appearance of its plumage seems composed of two colours, brown and crimson. The hue of the beak is iron-blue. with whitish reflections; the eyes, of the glow of flame.—Au.

"T'is of the Little Whidah race."

Of the Whidahs, the—Broad-Shafted Whidah Finch, and the one here noticed—the Red-billed Whidah, are among the most beautiful. The Red-billed Whidah is certainly a most lovely specimen of this tribe, and if its claims to admiration be deter-

Mid forests dark, and pathless wilds,
In ambush for his prey,
That come, unmindful of their foe;
Abides the Falcon Grey.

mined by beauty of plumage and elegance of form,—conspicuous among the warblers of any clime. The bill is rich crimson or carmine, the crown of the head, nape of the neck, and the whole of the back and shoulders,—glossy blue black. A white muchal collar behind divides the blue black of the back, from the same colour seen on the head, and is very distinct and apparent. The wings and scapulars are white, the middle tail-feathers which are four in number are greatly elongated, being convex on one side and concave on the other,—also cylindrical. All the other tail feathers are rounded. It is ordinarily disovered swinging and bowing itself upon some tall plant, and although a rare bird (as indeed is each of this species) may frequently be seen in the aviary of the "Marchand des Oiseaux," or bird merchant of Paris.

"Abides the Falcon Grey."

This Falcon is altogether curious because of the peculiarity of its markings. The general hue of the plumage is a dusky blue-black or slaty colour; deeper on the back, wings, and tail; every feather of which last, is spotted white, as in that of the common cuckoo. Down the centre of each feather runs a slender stripe of black; and this appears deeper on the neck, ears, head and breast; becoming fainter on the wing-covers, back, vent, and belly. The eyes, base of the mandibles, and the whole of the legs and feet, gamboge yellow. As to its general mien, it is one of the most imposing of the Falconidœ we would wish to look upon. Very little is known of its habits, save that it is described as frequenting the recesses of the darkest and most impenetrable woods; while its ordinary posture is that of standing upon the bough of some huge tree, and eyeing majestically every object flitting athwart its vision.—Au.

When myriad songsters seek their nests,
And black'ning shades prevail;
The Night-Jar, on some dusky tree,
Begins its mournful tale.

He! joys in no resplendent hues,
Yet — may claim some renown; —
Two plumeless feathers form his tail,
Nude — save their ends of down.

But many beauteous winged forms,
Th' long summoned muse must pass;
Still, one of that bright throng will call, —
The Golden-Bird of Klass!

This, happiest of the sylvan choir,
O Cuckoo! bears thy name;
Call'd also from th' brave Hottentot,
By Vaillant shown to Fame.

As on a day, when chasing fierce
An elephant of might;

"The Night-Jar, on some dusky tree,"

The Pennant-Winged Night-Jar. For a description of this bird see the 2nd Vol. of the Birds of Western Africa, in the series of the Naturalist's Library, published by Lizars & Co, St James Square, Edinburgh. A work which cannot be too highly recommended whether as regards its general truthfulness, comprehensiveness, attention to detail, or the manner in which it is got up, both attractive and cheap; and throughout which will be found contributions from the most celebrated Naturalists of the day.

Afric's colossus ! strange—but true,
Abates his rapid flight ;

And rolling, mad with rage and pain,
His vengeful eye of red ;
He saw, where thirty yards apart,
The scared pursuer fled.

Then after him with thund'ring strides,
Forth rushed the pond'rous beast ;
When, Vaillant by a fallen tree,
Concealed himself in haste.

Loud roaring gazed the brute around,
Curled its prehensile trunk ;
But saw not where, neath th' tree, supine
The quiv'ring hunter shrunk.

Meanwhile the scattered Negroes, heard
Their master's signal gun ;
But rescue from so dire a foe,
They dreaded all and one.—

Save Klass !—who on the craven band,
Turned his indignant glance ;
Said—" Will you to the Fiscal lay"
" Our master's death to chance ?"

" Go then !—and plunder his effects,"
" For me !—I'll find his corse."
Then rushed the native hero forth,
And tracked the wand'rer's course.

And came and saw, where void of fear,
His foe ferocious fled;
The dauntless son of Gallia—sprang,
At once from where he'd laid.

With joyful bound, th' enraptured youth,
Him clasped in close embrace.
O, gen'rous nature of the Slave!
O, faith in Savage Race!

And, thus Le Vaillant, called this bird
New found—"Klass' Gold Cuckoo";
Mong Western Afric's minstrels gay,
Is none more rich in hue.

No emerald, though fair its rays,
From deepest caves unknown
Of rolling Ocean, scarce can mate,
The splendours o'er him strown.

His back and wings are vivid green,
Reflecting copper hue;
His bosom with a silver shines,
Unfolding spots to view,

Of darker green: his brilliant orbs,
But late of ruby flame;
Together with his yellow bill,
Now flash with golden gleam.

Among the groves, or in the vale,
To echo calling round,

Or darting 'thwart the glade;—his form
  Quick sparkling,—oft is found.

In such a tropic paradise,
  O cuckoo! well may'st long,
To tarry; but in haste, before
  Thy breth'ren of the song,

Thou hail'st fair Albion with thy voice;
  And in thy gladsome train,
Comes laughing Spring; and bids around,
  Perennial seasons reign.

Then blooms the violet in the hedge,
  The primrose in the wold;
And buttercups and cowslips pale,
  The meadows dot with gold.

And cottage children through the dell,
  Or o'er the woodlands roam;
And, startled by thy welcome call,
  Bring the glad tidings home.

"Oh mother, dear! the Cuckoo's come,"
  "We heard it in the vale;"
"While I and Mary gathered flowers,"
  "At noon in Daisy-Dale."

And oft the ploughman stops his team,
  And scans with earnest eye,
The vernal landscape round him spread;
  While list'ning to thy cry.

That seems to echo from the wood,
  Or distant Ocean strand;
Now shouting in the orchard hid,
  Or o'er the fallow land.

Here on the neighb'ring bush behind;
  There, midway in the field;
Or doubly calling, on the oak;
  Deluding—still concealed!

Thus, while unseen!—thou might'st be found,
  Upon the topmost bough,
Of some high hedge; thy jocund strain,
  Still heard—Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

And whirling, with white spotted tail,
  Outspreading like a fan;
Thy wary glance lest foe surprise,
  Rolls o'er the wide champaign.

But hark!—what means that loud report?—
  The murd'rous gun hath found
Thy gentle breast; and open'd there,
  A deep and fatal wound.

And soaring with dishevelled plumes,
  And note more harsh and low;
Gory—torn feathers from thy wings,
  Wild with the zephyrs flow.

"That seems to echo from the wood."

Illustrative of this, and every succeeding stanza relating to the Common Cuckoo, will be found a note at the end of the poem.—Au.

Now drooping fast, to earth headlong
Thou fallest from the skies;
And Man! o'er brutes the despot! man,
Has grasp'd thee as his prize.

Could not thy well-loved minstrel notes,
The harbingers of spring!
From the destroyer, keep secure
Thy life, yet on its wing?

Sweet songster, no!—thy golden eye,
Shuts slow with dying gaze;
And o'er thy yellow feet and bill,
The hot blood trickling strays.

No more! thou lovely wand'ring bird,
Shall thy strange music ring;
Nor from some land remote, next year
Perennial tidings bring.

Oft my observant youth was led,
To search thy secret bower;
And charmed with thy mysterious song,
Wiled th' lightning footed hour.

And crouching neath the brake, beheld—
Or laid upon the grass;
Thy ashen shadow—tow'rds me turn'd,
Exulting, swiftly pass.

With thee I'd cross th' Antlantic deep,
Or Saahra's lonely plain;
And soar great Niagara's flood,
And mount th' Him'layan chain!

I conjectured that the wood near which I had placed my camp would supply me with a few Touracos. Being unacquainted with these birds, and having never seen one, I went in search of them, and was fortunate enough to discover a few. I spent a considerable time in pursuing them, but in vain; for these birds perch always on the extremities of the highest branches, they were never within the reach of my gun. One afternoon, however, I followed one, and did more execution. Hopping from spray to spray, still going on a little way from me, it deceived me for more than an hour, and conducted me to a great distance; till being quite impatient with its sport, and finding I could not come near to it, I fired, though I concluded it to be out of my reach, and had the satisfaction of seeing it drop. On this occasion my joy was beyond expression; but the most arduous part was not yet completed; it was necessary for me to seize my prey; and as I had remarked the place where it fell, I rushed through the bushes to take it up, at the expence of having my legs and hands torn and all besmeared with blood. On reaching the place I observed nothing; and though I searched with diligence every where around, going backwards and forwards twenty times over the same places, minutely examining the smallest holes and crevices, my labour was fruitless, for I could not find my Touraco. This disappointment reduced me almost to a state of despair; and the thick bushes and prickly shrubs, which scratched even my face, had indeed agitated me with transports difficult to be described. To satiate my anger, I am confident that nothing less would have been sufficient at that instant than to pursue a lion or a tiger. That a small bird, which I had brought down after so many embarrassments and so much desire for it, should escape and thus vanish from my sight, was truly distressing. Unable to contain my passion, I began to stamp and beat the ground with my musquet; but the earth sinking suddenly below me I disappeared also,

and fell with my arms into a pit twelve feet deep. My amazement, and the hurt I received by my fall, soon made me forget my anger; and I found myself at the bottom of one of those covered snares which the Hottentots employ to catch ferocious animals, elephants in particular. On recovering from my surprise, I began to consider how I should extricate myself from this embarrassment, extremely happy that I had not been impaled on the sharp-pointed stake placed in the bottom of the pit, and still happier that I found in it no company. However, I was apprehensive that some might arrive every moment; especially if I should be obliged to stay there during the night. Its approach began to terrify me, as it opposed and impeded the only resource I had thought of to save myself from the fatal pit without the help of others. This resource was to dig away the earth on one side with my sabre and hands, in order to make a sort of steps; but as such a business might be very tedious, I formed, though under the most fearful perplexity, the more prudent resolution of loading my fusee, and of firing shot after shot, expecting that I should be heard at my camp. I listened from time to time with the greatest anxiety, and a palpitating heart; and at length had the satisfaction to hear two reports, which filled me with the greatest joy. I then continued firing at intervals for the direction of those who had answered me which way to pursue their course; and soon after I saw them arrive, all fully armed, but full of distress and uneasiness on my account, They had supposed that I was pursued by some wild animal: but they found me on the contrary, in the most pitiful situation and caught foolishly like a fox. Their alarm however was soon at an end; they immediately cut a long pole, which they handed down to me, and by this expedient I glided up in the easiest manner I could, and got to the brink of the pit. This trifling accident from which heaven would not have saved me as it saved young Daniel, did not

make me forget my Touraco. With my dogs which had followed my Hottentots, I hoped I should be able to find it out, in whatever place it might be concealed: sending them out therefore on the search, they found it squatted down under a tufted bush. I immediately laid my hands upon it: and the pleasure of at length getting this charming animal in my possession, soon obliterated from my mind the dangers and difficulties it had cost me.—vide Le Vaillant's travels in Africa.

"That seems to echo from the wood,"

Many times between Bootle and Broadwater, in the county of Cumberland, have I observed the peculiarities of this bird's nature. When out during the morning or towards mid-day, frequently has its double and singular cry, now sounding from the adjacent sea, again echoing over the ploughed lands and waving meadows, or seemingly close behind me, arrested my attention with wonder and delight. But even where it be abundant, as it undoubtedly is in those parts, it is a shy and distrustful species, and but seldom seen; for wary and possessing acute vision, it generally perches upon the topmost twig of some hedge or bush, whose height is sufficient to place beneath it all the country around, with the several objects moving upon it. Such is the situation in which I have mostly observed it, though sometimes it has approached the spot where I was standing, with, as is expressed in the poem—

"Its ashen belly towards me turned."

and flying in a horizontal direction about a dozen yards from the ground. When just alighted, it has a peculiar trick of turning slowly round and spreading out its tail fan-like, at the same time uttering its call; and I believe it is under this

strange appearance that many have beheld it. There is also another singularity connected with this bird, which is, that after having been fired at, unlike most other birds whose notes cease altogether, it still pours short, harsh, and gutteral sounds, as if upbraiding the enemy who sought its destruction. But when once within the hand of the sportsman, and if surveyed when just dead or nearly dying, there is not perhaps among the ornithology of the British Isles a bird which interests so much the observer. The eye, which is a bright yellow or golden (or at least then so appears, as are also the irides, feet and bill,) seems to turn inward, and again revolving, fixes the pupil full upon you with a sad yet reproachful expression; while the beautiful markings of the under parts, the snow-white spots on the tail feathers, combined with the shades of vivid blueish ash-colour spread over the back and wings, form so pleasing a picture, as to make him regret he has thus ruthlessly destroyed, so beautiful and mysterious a denizen of the grove, which but lately was winging its way in sport and gladness.—Au.

THE BARRED-TAILED PHEASANT OF CHINA.

PHASIANUS SUPERBUS.

T'is the land where porcelain pagodas are gleaming,
While war-junks magnificent glide through the deep;
And gorgeous pavillions and structures are beaming,
Here, from the high verge of a billow-laved steep;
There, placed in the rock—or surrounded by mountains,
Engraved on the stream—now adorning the plains!
Where dragon-roofed palaces and bubbling fountains,
Confess the abode where the Mandarin reigns.

Surinagur's hoar summits, dazzling in whiteness,
Supporting the heavens behold China's realm;
Mid luxuriant vales, that revel in brightness,
Fringed with flowers and wood, rolls the rough river's whelm.
There mid the foliage, brilliance forth sending,
Phasianus Superbus wandering flies;
Now, on the bough standing majestic—now bending,
Quivering his tail, and loud pouring his cries.

And sparkling and shining, it's plumage resplendent,
Effulgently kindles beneath the sun beams;
No beautiful bird, with hues e'er so transcendent,
Can outvie the splendour that over it streams:
Of silvery lustre—the head, see adorning
A cowl, and two collars of white round the neck;
O'er the red round each eye,—a narrow band turning,
Of black rich and glossy, ends in a thin streak.

One argent broad collar, the throat round entwining,
  Bright stretches from thence to the mandible's base;
So-like this, the other, reflecting and shining,
  Full over the bosom meanders with grace:
All the back, the hind neck, and the rump—feathers cover
  Of a bright golden yellow, growing like scales;
And their crescent extremes, are bounded all over
  Each by a black band; which their heaving reveals.

The breast, and the under plumes, glisten in lightness;
  Two black bands irregular bending o'er each;
They are tipped with deep black; the belly, in brightness
  Of colour the same, swells gorgeously rich:
Like in hue are the thighs, and the tail-coverts under,
  The latter with spots of gold yellow emblazed;—
—But th' tail of this elegant bird forms our wonder,
  —Some shafts four feet measure, shut, open, or raised.

Those! fold upon fold—eighteen feathers composing—
  Are deck'd in grey white, clouded with golden red;
With crescent brown bars, chesnut edges;—which closing,
  Variegated appear and narrowly laid;
Grey-brown are the legs, and the feet;—with spurs furnish'd,
  Like most the Gallinæ,—to strike, and to tear.
Thus with gleams of rare beauty, his plumage is burnished;
  —Magnificent pheasant!—'mong all the most fair.

By th' lucid stream's margin, where forests are waving,
  Him! courtly behold on the arm of some tree;
Through flowery valleys, aerial heights leaving,
  Now marching majestic, in grandeur and glee:
His sonorous lay echoes wide through the woodlands,
  He startles the slumbering groves with his cries;

And on the wing soaring, swift courses the broadlands,
—To less genial climes—to mountains, then hies.

So stately his form, and his plumes of such splendour,
That the royal peacock no richer can show;
From the confines of China conveyed by the vender,—
—There bends Surinagur beneath worlds of snow!
In the gardens—the pleasure-grounds, of the most wealthy,
The Emp'ror's menagerie,—he will be found;
Protected with care, sportive, joyous, and healthy!
Renowning the owner—adorning the ground.

A WINTER'S DAY.

AN ODE.

Now with Iöne let me stray,
While yet the tempest seems controlled;
And wand'ring o'er the rural way,
We'll wrathful nature's power behold.

The sombre sky no ray illumes,
And mist involves the landscape round;
A vermil sphere slow moving comes,
But Phœbus smiles not on the ground.

See! far my love, yon sable wood,
The leafless boughs roam in the void,
Chained is the stream which lately flowed,
And e'en a bird will scarce abide;

No vivid flower adorns the mead,
All vegetation slaughtered lies;
Fierce frost devours the marshy bed,
And crystal nations countless rise.

How dread the force of Winter's rage!
The field, the grove, no life can shew;
The Dormouse sleeps his quiet age,
And Earth is wed to virgin Snow.

The thatch-roof cot in white 's arrayed,
And icicles hang from the eaves;
On hedge and brake the snow is laid,
It's darkling mould the footstep leaves.

The hoary garb hides all the hills,
Yon river groans 'neath icy mail;
In circles swift the skaiter wheels,
And Youth slides down the glassy vale.

But hark! that cheering bark presumes
The weary woodman, hither draws;
Lo! from the neighbouring copse he comes,
His jocund dog before him goes.

See! pendent from his ruby nose,
The frigid liquid threats to fall;
His beard the air has matted close,
While from his pipe the vapours roll.

How calm he trudges on his way!
Down in the valley, near yon wood,

A cottage chimney's volumes play;
Where peaceful stands his poor abode.

Haply a fond and faithful spouse,
His coming waits with anxious eye;
Or children peeping from the house,
For their long absent father, cry.

Save Robin—ne'er a warbler's heard,
The woodlands echo song no more;
Ha!—there his russet form appeared;
And see! he hops alarmed before.

—Behold my love!—quick! let us haste,
Increasing gloom obscures the skies;
The snowy tempest thickens fast,
The roaring blast impetuous flies.

So—likened to a Winter's day,
May be the latter age of Man.
Shines Summer!—his meridian ray;
Frowns Winter!—and he steps in pain.

Oh may we then each moment prize,
And watchful grasp the passing hour;
For Time, alas! resistless flies,
And still derides our utmost pow'r.

But while Iöne still is mine,
No Wintry frowns disturb my rest;
My soul, existence—all, are thine;
Oh, take me to thy fragrant breast.

THE COWSLIP.

AN ODE. (Regular.)

Nymph of the meadow, display thy bright coronet!
Richer in hue than the gold of the morning;
And whose five orange gems in five topazes set,
The wreath on thy brow are ever adorning;
Declining and drooping,
To earth thou art stooping;
Why Flora's belov'd hang pensive thy head?
The sun burns less fierce, and the tempests of heaven,
To desert, and mountain, and ocean, are driven;—
Then gracefully rise from thy genial bed:
Thy odours on the flow'ry mead, a balmy fragrance leave;
Thy calyx blooms throughout the day, but closes ere 'tis eve,

When Aurora to-morrow shall blazon th' firm'ment,
With purple, and gold, and ruby red splendour;
While myriads of stars to their mansions are sent,
And silvery clouds surround and attend her.
From slumber awaking,
The dew thou art shaking,
That perfumes thy locks with nector from high;
Thy radiant mantle of yellow unclosing,
Exhaling the sweets in its bosom reposing;
A new-born horizon bursts on thine eye:
And greeting the approaching day, whose rosy steeds are seen,
Thy form appears with modest grace, and decks the verdant green.

When cowslip I enter thy em'rald pavillion,
Some elf guide my feet where thou flourishest there;
Then! elegant flower, thou'rt my prize—thou'rt my own!
I sought thee to purchase a smile from my fair;
When thy beauty blesses,
Iöne's gold tresses;
Oh, what felicity then will be thine!
Or to some vase of water by her hands consigned,
Or adorning her vest on her bosom reclined;—
—I'd wish for thy state in exchange for mine:
But nurtured forth by Nature's hands, thou art of other clay;
The founts of heaven are thy food, and Phœbus lights thy way.

Wild-flower adieu! may no terrible hurricane,
Sweep thee away in its tempestuous course;
But live out thy existence,—the pride of the plain!
Mid the grass—in the earth—whence springeth thy source:
The cool zephyrs courting,
With sun-beams disporting;
Spending with primroses thine holyday:—
The truant school-boy his tough lesson resigning,
Thy beautiful form in his nosegay entwining,
Through broad plains and woodlands, loiters all day.
Alas! the spring-time is but short, and summers die and cease;
Thy life is but a little life, so cowslip—health and peace!

THE ALPINE SPANIEL

OR

DOG OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

Though nor the highest, of the Alpine chain
Shall Great St. Bernard, ever monarch reign;
Famed as the scene of that unrivalled deed,
The most transcendent mortal ne'er out-did.
Again; the solitary seat renown'd
Of certain monks, who there have refuge found:
And these maintain a noble canine breed,
By whose great instinct man from death is freed.

The Spaniel species, for two kinds there are,
Is covered o'er with long and shaggy hair;
Whose ground hue 's white,—with fulvous spots, or black;
Its size tremendous; length and height, will make
The first—from nose to tail, twice three feet whole;
The height, from toe to shoulder, two feet full.
The other race—as monstrous and as strong,
Appears distinct to th' Mastiff tribe t' belong:
The fur is short; the spots more clouded, dark,
Tint—grey or liver; hoarser is the bark.

Oft-times the traveller through those regions vast,
Toils onward, mindless of th' impending waste;
By smiling vales, and cloudless skies allured,
His vigour feels, and rests from harm assured.
Transparent glaciers glitter in the sun,
The mountains seems to put their verdure on;
The snowy tempests in their caverns sleep,

Red Rhododendrons through the crevice peep;
High o'er the gulf the sombre pine-woods tower,
Impetuous, headlong, down the cat'racts pour;
While bending o'er the steep, the Chamois lists the roar.
But sudden! threat'ning clouds obscure the skies,
The pine-branch whistles, storms and whirlwinds rise;
The louring av'lanche from its summit sweeps,
Tree, crag, enormous, swift tempestuous leaps;
Th' increasing snow-drifts hide the roads before,
And falling icebergs join the tempest's roar:
Luxuriant valleys late so rich and green,
Below lie buried, and no more are seen;
O'erwhelmed too by the shock the hamlet lies,
And nought is viewed but snow and hills of ice;
—The glaciers tumbling fragments, glitt'ring bright,
And mountain heaps from th' av'lanche sparkling white.
The man unhappy, with the cold benumbed,
In some deep cavern dreads to be entombed;
Exults, despairs, now as he gains the track,
And now deluded—turns his footsteps back:
The thick'ning snows obstruct his failing sight;
The frowning heav'ns hang sombre as the night;
The lightnings flash, the deaf'ning thunders roll,
Bray dashing waters, shiv'ring branches fall.
Now yields th' exhausted suff'rer to the frost,
His senses torpid, and his action lost;
Weary in search, home visions spur to weep,
He stops—he totters—sinks into a sleep:
Inhumed below, far from all human sight,
Him rapid covers o'er, the hurricane drifting white.

But bounteous heaven with succour soon appears,
The fathers in that convent, trained for years

These noble dogs; to wander morn and eve—
To search for travellers—and their wants relieve.
While so sagacious, and their instinct so,
Though ten, or twice ten feet, he lie below;
So keen their scent, so wond'rous is their skill,
Oft scapes th' ill-fated, and their powers avail.
Their feet scratch up the snow with vig'rous force,
And pour they loud a constant barking hoarse;
When from the convent, rapidly draw near
The monks and lab'rers, to the prec'pice drear.
Though scant their means, they ever ope the door
To mortals needy, or the rich who tour;
To be benighted, weary,—and feel cold,
Make the sole welcomes to their Christian hold;
Their shelt'ring refuge, and their cheering meal;
Discourse exalted, and the deeds they tell.
But here for the distressed, their will ends not,
To search for lost mankind their zeal's devote;
They then call forth these dogs' sagacious aid,
Who soon discover where the wretch is laid.
To guard against chance when far from human kind,
Should one be saved,—round this dog's neck, they bind
A flask of spirits; t' help the fainting soul:
Round that a cloak, to clothe th' restor'd one whole.
And should they even prove extinct life's source.
Yet for his mourning friends, they always find the corse.

ST. JEAN D'ACRE AND ITS ENVIRONS,

AND

DOLPHIN PURSUING FLYING FISH.

The falcon* now with rapid wing, soars through the azure sky,
Below, a scene magnificent, bursts on its piercing eye;
Proud Carmel rears his grassy peak, bedecked, with varied flowers,
His woody plumage proudly nods, o'er Acre's snowy towers:
Behind—he views Naplouse's hills, that shew a winding road,
Which leads to fam'd Jerusalem, the city, lov'd of God;
Dim seen with mosque and cupola, with firy gleam of gold,
That spread their blaze beneath the sun, refulgent to behold.

Dark cedars wave their giant arms, on snowy Lebanon!
Old Jordan's stream, through valleys green, murmurs beneath the sun;

* The scene of the poem lies at St. Jean D'Acre. Therefore, as little could be perceived by the human eye but a vast tract of desert, I have introduced a Peregrine Falcon, or Blue Hawk (Falco Peregrinus) which soaring high over the topmost towers of Acre, would have a complete view of the inland country beyond, and also of the shores of the Mediterranean. The sight of this bird is so keen and piercing, that all those places which I have enumerated as lying about and near Acre, might with all probability come within the range of its vision.—Au.

Brown Tabor shews his rugged sides, displays his hoary veins,
He broadly spreads his mighty shade, upon the saffron plains.
Now ruined Jaffa † on the left, lies on the whitened sands,
War has not left a single stone, that on another stands;
While in the horizon dusk and dim, Tor—like a broken cloud,
Surveys where Phar'oh and his host, lay in their wat'ry shroud.

He turns him round with rapid glance, where tinged with dropping gold,
The em'rald waves that gently bound, o'er ocean's breast are rolled;
Each passing ship glides stately on, and parts the wat'ry plain,

† In his march through Syria, Napoleon attacked and took El Arisch by storm. Among the prisoners, there were found several hundreds of Turks, whom (wishing to be on good terms with the Porte) he dismissed and caused to be escorted by a division of his army, on the condition that they were not to serve against him during that year. These wretches, instead of disbanding, threw themselves into Jaffa (which the French were at that time besieging) and cost him the lives of a number of brave soldiers to take it, which might have been spared. Accordingly, when the place surrendered, and being incensed at their treachery, he ordered all Turks found with arms in their hands to be singled out and shot; and, determined not to be harrassed upon his return by an army within its walls; he so dismantled it, as, (says an eye-witness) not to leave (like the ancient Jerusalem) scarcely one stone standing upon another. —Au.

No gust disturbs the deep repose, that settles on the main.
The Curlew wild with outstretched neck pursues his wand'ring flight,
With rapid wing he cuts the sky and vanishes from sight;
The sea-mew shews her snowy breast above the curling waves,
With scarlet foot she tracks her way,—the briny liquid cleaves.

The Dolphin ‡ like a meteor bright, parts the transparent way,
With sounding strokes he breaks the waves, and crashes through the sea;
Not swifter fly the iron death from out the heavy gun,
Than darts he through th' opposing surf, while fiercely swimming on:
And now he shews his purple snout, and throws his tail on high;
He hears a flutt'ring sound behind—he sets his golden eye.
With force terrific drives he on, and shews his fatal teeth,
The startled prey with horror view—and fly the threatened death.

‡ The Dolphin (there are several species), but this the Dorado, or Golden, as he is called by the Spaniards, is perhaps with the exception of the White Shark, the swiftest and most voracious inhabitant of the deep. It is also the most beautiful; and the deadliest enemy of the flying-fish, whom it pursues with eager avidity. When in pursuit of its prey, it has been seen to bound through the air, to the distance of ten yards; and were it produced in numbers equal to its voracity, the species would quickly depopulate the ocean. As it is they commit great depredations, and are justly styled the plunderers of the deep.—Au.

Not with such might far bounding stones, are sent from
forceful slings,
As grim with ooze, upon his prey, the marine tyrant springs;
Immersed in foam, his furious course, he urges—nor is seen
Aught of his form, save one broad flash, that glistens through
the main:
Dark flocks of sea-birds shrieking shrill, course through
the pearly sky,
And follow on tempestuous wing, when e'er the hunted fly;
Now menaced by a double death—fated to fill the maw
Of hungry gull; or die impaled, upon the Dolphin's jaw.

Now swiftly fly the tim'rous crowd, where with majestic
pride,
An armèd vessel ploughs the deep, and shews her frowning
side;
Her heavy guns above—below—their brazen bodies see,
As burns the sun with scorching-flame, glassed on the
liquid way:
Her sable masts like pillars huge, upbear the concave sky,
The pendant broad high on her main, flutters in vermil dye;
Her mighty sails gasp for the breeze, white as the bound-
ing spray,
With creaking cordage, bulwarks high, she breasts the
swelling sea.

The Flying-fish* with drooping wing, here rest with
shortened breath;

* I will give the description of this fish in the words of the Comte de Buffon. "The head of this fish is scaly; the belly is angular, and the pectoral fins, the instruments of flight, are very large. When pursued by any other marine animal, it

With nostrils wide the scourge draws near, and breathes the
smoke of death.
On amethystine pinions swift, they mount into the air,
Or flutt'ring, trembling, urge their flight, or skim the waters
clear:
Now bounding high above the waves, now darting swift
beneath,
(The water like descending rain, falls from his iv'ry teeth.)
Impetuous comes the monster fierce, with open crashing
jaws;
The hissing surf lashed by his tail, bespots the main with
snows.

Upspringing quick the weary flock fly with redoubled speed,
And turning leap full twenty feet, above the dolphin's head.
As swiftly turns the subtle foe,—he bounds along the skies,
Descends below as they descend, and rises as they rise;
Through clouds of surf and falling spray his madd'ning
course he holds,
(There! wave and billow vainly strive, to whelm him in
their folds.)

raises itself from the water by means of these long fins, and can support itself in the air till they become dry, when it again drops into the water. It seems to lead a wretched life, being constantly pursued by fishes of prey, and, when it has recourse to flight, it often meets its fate from the gull or the albatross, or perhaps drops down again into the mouth of its original pursuer. Between the tropics it is common, and there its enemies are the most numerous. It is there seen leaping out of the sea by hundreds, and sometimes it throws itself on board of ships, in order to escape its numerous assailants. It is about a foot long, of a whitish colour, and the flesh is said to be palatable."

Emerging white with shining foam, he cleaves the wat'ry way;
Terrific—with renewèd strength, he gains upon his prey.

Thus fares the chase: they one by one drop down with fainting wing,
There—the remorseless foe contrives, to make his dreaded spring.
With leap on leap he nears them fast, (beneath yon wave he rose)
With tired wing they trembling drop, into his serried jaws;
His trail is marked by lines of foam, now dying on the sea,
Whose troubled waters sink to rest, and melt in streams away;
The Dolphin basks upon the deep,—while lit by Phœbus' rays,
His scales with mingled gold and green, and spots of silver, blaze.

If all the hues that deck the pearl, beneath the eye were spread,
Their lustre would grow dim before the colours of his head.
A changing purple veils his sides, tinged with a golden sheen;
Now varies to a silver white, with spots of twinkling green:
Upon his back what wond'rous shades! their azure's heavenly glow,
With rings of scarlet mixed with gold, their vivid splendours shew;
His fins, but late of sapphire hue—with starry spangles shine;
And as they cleave the liquid way, they fire the moving brine.

Concealed beneath a darkling cloud, Sol shadows all the tide,
Now other rays flash on the view; upon his sparkling hide,
See gorgeous green and scarlet mixed, with spots of gold
embossed,
Now changes to ethereal blue; in purple sunk—seems lost
In rosy shades with silver tinged,—now dead in flaming rays
Of em'ralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls,—commingled in a
blaze.
As emp'ror o'er the finny tribes, he stately swims the main;
The Dorado! or Golden!—called, by mariners of Spain.

And shoals on shoals of scaly fish glide o'er the surface clear,
Their glitt'ring forms beneath the sun, like streams of flame
appear.
The crystal waters brightly gleam, and gentle zephyrs play,
The sounding seas with music hoarse, now level—roll away:
Behold! the Falcon* spreads his wings, tired with the pleas-
ing sight,

*Perhaps it may be objected—that this is an exaggeration; but if any one will take the trouble to learn the habit and nature of the Peregrine Falcon (the one I have here represented) it will appear, that the velocity of its flight equals one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles an hour, and that at the greatest speed of its rushes, it often exceeds that rate. But, when we look at its structure, there is less cause to wonder. I subjoin a beautiful description of this bird, in the words of a well-known naturalist:

"The Peregrine is one of the strongest and most beautifully formed birds of its section. It is hardly so long in form as the Jer Falcon, nor does it weigh so heavily; but the male Peregrine, when in high plumage and condition. exhibits a compact muscularity of shape, and a bold and open expression, which

His crooked talons inward draws, then takes his rapid flight;
Above the "Happy Land" he soars,—to India's golden strand,—
Then downward darts amid the groves, that spot her sunny land.

AN ITALIAN EVENING.

He sternly glanced upon the foe, and then upon his power;
The purple heavens lined with gold, proclaimed the evening hour.
The rivers shone in sheets of flame, the hills with rosy hue,
Whose lofty summits kissed the clouds, with caps of golden blue.
The Lamergeyer screamed aloud, and sought her Alpine home,
Where hunters tread with cautious steps, and bounding Chamois' roam.
The brigand left his ambushed lair, and pierced the forest's glade,
There sought his comrades on the grass, in deep carouse displayed;
Neglected lay their arms around, they strung the wild guitar,
Whose notes returned a melting sound, upon the ravished ear.
Their raven hair in ringlets hung; their ears held rings of gold,
Their gaudy belts sustained their knives, with ornamented hold;
Their bloodshot eyes flashed fierce and free, and savagely they laughed,

approach closely to our idea of the symmetry of a bird, formed in all its proportions for swift pursuit and rapine.,'—Sir William Jardine, Bart.

For the rest,—I have taken a poet's licence.

They filled the goblet to the brim, and the red liquor quaffed.
One robber with a horrid grin, produced his dagger bright,
And pointed to the clotted blood, that stained its shining light;
High conic hats with ribbons bound, shadowed each sun-burnt face,
Their sandalled legs of varied hue, tinted the velvet grass;
Loud shouts and oaths ascended high, hoarse laughter rung around,
Rock, rivulet, and shady wood, returned a hollow sound.
The herd-boy drove his charge along, and am'rous ditty trolled,
His dappled tribes' large curling horns, were tinged with burnished gold;
The peasant maids tripped on the road, and sought the fountain's rills,
They dipped their pitchers in the stream, and told their little ills;
Their snow-white coifs and scarlet vests, spotted the vista's haze,
Whose trees shone with a ruddy light, from Phœbus' sinking rays;
The shepherd from his slumber woke, upon the heath-clad rock,
Came swiftly down the mountain's side, and called his bleating flock;
The beggar sought the rippling brook, brought forth his scanty store,
Resigned his staff, and bathed his feet, hard, travel-worn, and sore;
Then spread his rags, with water clear, washed down his frugal fare,
And peaceful slept, his bed the ground, his curtains—woods and air.
The ruined fortress' hoary towers, shone with a copper light,
The saffron sky lit up the rooms, in its deserted height;
Moored by the marge the silent skiff, glowed in a coat of red,
The lake rolled in a sheet of gold, the heavens had on it spread;
The level plains with dusky brown clouded the shrubbery,

Their purple confines bound the scene, and joined the vermil sky.
The woods and groves forsook their green, and waved in russet true,
Their summits towered amid the clouds, with caps of golden hue;
The sun in flaming purple sank, in broad and starry train,
And red and blue and gold and green, adorned the rolling main.

THE GRENADIERS A CHEVAL.

With bear-skin caps of sable hue, and red shako and plume,
The Grenadiers à Cheval now, with gleaming sabres come;
With rapid pace and heavy tramp they start upon the view,
Each visage stern is marked with care, and bronze of iron hue:
If thirty of these horsemen brave, where hotly raged the fray,
Were sent to charge in time of need, they'd soon decide the day;
Led by Bessières; than whom a chief of more heroic strain,
Amidst the Gallic host renowned, scarce trod the sandy plain.

With tossing heads and flaming orbs, that sparkle all around,
And thund'ring stamp with iron hoof, that shakes the solid ground;
With arching neck, and mighty manes, that with Boreas roam,
And smoking veins that hotly swell,—they champ the silver foam:
With purple nostril that emits, bright sparks of golden fire,
And waving tail of ample length, that brushes up the mire;
Their knotty chests with labour heave, gigantic is their height,
With bones of adamant,—their steeds, now stand confessed to sight.

Reflected from the sun's bright beams, light shadows broad
and long,
Descend upon their glossy skins, they neigh with brazen lung,
With fretful hoof they paw the earth, erected are their ears,
With nostrils wide they scent the air, and pant for distant
wars ;
While swifter than the eagle's flight, they run the rapid course,
And nought can stay their dreadful strength, nor break their
headlong force ;
From climes remote these steeds are brought, to mount this
chosen band,
In lordly troops on desert wilds, they skim the burning sand.

Black as the raven one appears, one white as winter's snow,
And as the eye doth glance along, there's some of ev'ry hue ;
But all are famed for lightning speed, and giant strength and
height,
When to th' dark fray they thunder in, they soon let in the
light :
'Tis said, the great Napoleon, on Italy's fair shores,
To guard against surprise and guile, first formed these warriors;
But not through fear of battle's glare, or terror of his life,—
He loved to ride with madd'ning speed, where doubtful raged
the strife.

When battle hung in equal scales, and vict'ry each might
claim,
Then ! like a rushing cataract, these troopers charging came ;
The foe dismayed, their standards see ; fierce come they thun-
d'ring on,
While crashing muskets, shiv'ring swords, their force resist-
less own :

The cloven helmets sail the air, and on the champaign bound,
The wounded charger, riderless, sinks dying on the ground;
Where'er they move, mid horse or foot, loud groans ascend the sky,
And one by one, the vanquished foe, from th' dread encounter fly.

Vainly the Russ at Austerlitz, opposed their charging shock.
The haughty Calmuc bites the ground, the Cossac's lance is broke;
E'en brass helms of their dragoon guards, fast disappear and fade,
Where bear-skin caps of Horse-Gren'diers, display their gloomy shade:
The Star of Victory was there! and o'er his features shone,
A golden smile of secret pride,—the triumph was his own;
The rout begins—the Russ and Hun, no more contest the field,
The num'rous squadrons of the foe, before his vet'rans yield.

Marengo saw th' overwhelming force, of Austria's chosen might,
Recoil before their valour's flame, which stern upheld the fight;
In vain Melas, cannon and horse, propelled with headlong shock
On their array; the parting smoke disclosed their line unbroke:
At length a distant shout is heard,—"Desaix is on the plain,"
Then twice four hundred Grenadiers, led on by Kellerman,
Fell, dreadful, like a thunderbolt, on Zach's devoted band.—
And carnage fed Bormida's waves, and slaughter choked the land.

The Mosquà, Friedland, owned their might, and terrible Eylau,
And ev'n where fortune fled from France, unfaithful Waterloo;
There, struggling nobly, for awhile, they strove t' avert defeat,
Alas! their efforts nought availed,—their country's Sun had set:
Yet! ne'er did this redoubted troop, deal more tremendous blows:
Nor horse nor foot, nor lance nor sword, their fury could oppose:
Their blackened colours grimly smiled, while rapidly went down,
Trooper and steed, bay'net and man, in one huge heap o'erthrown.

But see! these matchless cavalry, form to the stern command,
And wheeling swift, from right to left, in double columns stand;
Oft in that order were they launched tempestuous to the fray,
And thirty of their band have turned, the fate of many a day:
Flaming in gold, their chiefs renowned, ride stately 'thwart their lines;
The eagle on their raven crests, sun-gazing, brightly shines;
Their restive steeds, neigh, snort, and prance, his falchion each uprears,
And swiftly gallop from the view, these famed Horse Grenadiers.

There certainly never were cavalry equal to those of the present subject. They were the elect of armies; each man to be made eligible for a Grenadier à Cheval, must have served a certain period, have performed daring and wonderful exploits, have possessed imposing and gigantic stature, and more than ordinary soldierly intelligence. They were the reserve body guard of the Emperor, and were never called into action, save in the most critical times; and then their course was as the thunderbolt, which blanches and shivers every thing before it. At Marengo only 800 men of this troop sufficed, to utterly disorganize and discomfit full 6000 Austrian grenadiers, the flower of the opposing army. In Egypt, known everywhere by the terrible appellation of Guides, they were the scourge of every Oriental squadron: the Ottoman horse at Aboukir were hewn down before them like grass: while the Janissaries, generally so stubborn and unconquerable, could only find safety from their impetuous rush, and the ponderous and destructive tramp of their iron-shod chargers, amid the billows of the sea. At Austerlitz—the long vaunted Horse Guards of Alexander attempted in vain to stem the torrent of their desolation; the Cossac, Dragoon-guard—every arm, were disastrously trampled and smitten down. The like success attended them everywhere; witness,—Jena, the Mosqua, Leipsic, Wagram, Montmirail;—and almost countless engagements, whose names have been, mainly through their valour; at all times, and under every disadvantage—conspicuous.—Au.

POEMS

DESCRIPTIVE

OF

CELEBRATED PAINTINGS.

These compositions, owe their origin to a desire in the Author to bring to the remembrance of mankind, the numberless works of art that have immortalized and distinguished those Painters; who born in every land under every clime, and beneath every advantage and disadvantage, pressed forward to one common goal —the Temple of Fame. Thus while the mind contemplates an engraving of some great picture—or the Painting itself—it awards full praise to the memory of those, many of whom are now no more: but whose renown and genius ought never to be forgotten.

Therefore these Poems are as they are termed. purely descriptive; but in each is a tribute—although but slight—paid to the merits of the Artist.—Au.

DOMESTIC POULTRY. HONDIKOETER.

Two mighty chiefs contend for partlet here,
Gallus renowned, and haughty Chanticleer;
Their vermil crests they raise with wrathful eye,
And fiercely bounding, on each other fly.
Stern is the shock! one wounds his foeman's breast,
And he revengeful, rends the adverse crest.
Disporting zephyrs carry from the fray,
Their vesture's fragments, late so fair and gay;
Their rage so dread—mid all the dunghill's round,
Can no two chiefs to match with these be found.
From Gallus fierce, a stroke of dreadful stoure
Has Chanticleer nigh reft of life and power;
But burning with hot shame, His fury glows;
And chuckling Gallus, now to earth o'erthrows.

They meet, they rush, strike with resistless ire;
Nor that can conquer, nor will this retire.
Still—grows their rage, their firy eyeballs flash,
And to the ground in turns each other dash;
Their tired limbs their streaming gore defiles,
And on this warrior now, and that, fair Partlet smiles.
Her tim'rous offspring and two am'rous doves,
The combat view, and fright each bosom moves;
While as they fought, skilled Hondikoeter came,
The scene he pictured, and increased his fame.

AN ITALIAN SEAPORT. CLAUDE.

Now from meridian height the sun descends,
And o'er the main his varied beams extends;
The radiant hues of the departing day,
Ride in rich splendour o'er the wat'ry way.
While rays of purple, red, and azure sheen,
With mingled gold, to deck the heav'ns are seen:
The weary songster seeks the palace eaves;
The gull reclines upon the sounding waves;
The sounding waves with green and gold are tinged,
The isolated tower with gold is fringed.
The gorgeous navy smoothly force their way,
The navy's vivid streamers jocund play;—
This glorious scene—one wrought, to merit Fame
Mong future ages—Claude Lorraine his name.

DEATH OF CLEOPATRA. GUIDO.

Lo! the mighty queen, whereon whose bosom laid,
Victorious Julius oft reclined his head,

Now consents to death ; and each upward eye,
Beams to the call of her loved Antony.
Th'insidious reptile scours his venom-fangs,
In flesh ambrosial, and devouring hangs ;
That beauteous hand with slime is covered o'er,
Which only kings and conq'rors pressed before ;
And Egypt's most renowned, reft of imperial guise,
Closes th' expiring lamps of her effulgent eyes.
But where's the splendid raiment of a Queen ?
Of Cleopatra ?—th' Orient's light and sheen.
O Charmian ! O Iras !—here convey,
The proud tiara, and her brows array ;
And morning shall arrive—Augustus see,
Lybia's greatest-soul, from his base triumph free.

Alike excelling, or in form, in grace,
Famed Guido ! he with the angelic face ;
Genius best skilled ! mong all who owned the rule,
Of the renowned three brethren's* wondrous school ;
This charming picture of th' historic class,
Conceived for Glory : and the Human-Race.
Than Reni !—none could more expression show,
Nor when he chose, paint with more radiant glow ;
Correggio ! Raphael e'en, at times before him bow.

A STUDY OF TREES. CLAUDE.

Alexis sat within the cooling shade,
And on his pipe symphonious music played ;
The lofty trees with varied green were crowned,
The whisp'ring leaves stood silent at the sound ;

* The three Bolognese—Ludovico, Agostino, and Annibal Caracci.

All nature smiled; the ground was gay with flowers,
And songsters warbled from their secret bowers.

His crook resigned, his flock disported near;
And Phœbus streamed upon his golden hair;
Echo fond murmured to Zephyrus' cry,—
Hie! Zephyr, hie! Echo, I go! Ho, I am running by!
And rushing waters fell from th' foaming cascade high.
Claude softly stole upon the verdant scene,
And stamped his form in ever-living screen.

A SEAPORT,

WITH THE

EMBARKATION OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

CLAUDE.

A gorgeous palace, raised by Afric skill,
O'erlooks the waves, half turbulent, half still;
O'er these unnumbered galleys stately ride,
In splendour gleaming and barbaric pride;
The strand a group of seamen holds to view,
Arrayed in scarlet, blue, and Tyrian hue;
The buoyant shallop dances on the surge;
Th' assembled concourse crowd the limpid verge;
The vivid ensigns from the mast-heads fly,
The wind departing fans them with its sigh.
From out the porch, pace down the terrace way,
A train in rich, magnificent array:
And one appears before—whose lofty mien
And jewelled coronet,—proclaim a Queen:

A gold emblazoned banner rolls abroad,
The waters sink beneath the pompous load;
And Sheba's queen a while resigns her sway,
To seek of Israel's monarch wisdom's way;
And Phœbus as she moves, illumes her pageantry.

Exalted aye must be Claude Gelee's fame,
This likewise, bears the Poet-Painter's name;
It, streams shall murmur as they smoothly run;
It's form,—glow vivid in the setting sun.
Nightly round Cynthia's silver orb entwine,
And oft be lowed by browsing sheep, and kine.
O'er Italy be graved on sward and tree,
Be warbled by each songster sporting free;
Each zephyr fanning soft with silken wing,
To ev'ry grove and valley it shall bring;
And long as Art is priz'd, it through the spheres shall ring.

THE SHEPHERDS OF ARCADIA.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

Now Phœbus all Arcadia had surveyed,
And soon his beams less bright, begun to fade;
Eve's sombre shadows trembled on the plain,
And Philomela poured exstatic strain;
The beast his lair, and Argus sought his nest,*
And grove and mountain sound nor cry confessed.

When now three shepherds, and a youthful maid,
Were seen before a tomb,—that neath the shade

* The Argus Pheasant; or Gigantic Argus.

Of mourning trees, in form uncultured rose;
And all around, was desert and repose.
Their ages varied, diff'rent was each face,
In stature this, and that, excelled in grace;
The eldest swain had wrinkled brow and bald,
A grizzled beard,—and was Menalcas called:
Strephon was next! then younger Mycon! (he
Was skilled in song) and Amarillis,—she.
One surface of the tomb, rude letters filled,
In voids unequal,—traced by hands unskilled;
These told the deeds and actions of the dead,
And were with sand and mould part overspread;
While Strephon stood, the hoary shepherd there,
And Mycon here; down kneeling,—spoke the fair.

MENALCAS.

Lo, Amarillis! where secure from woe,
And all life's ills, Aminta sleeps below.
Though poor and low, virtue and goodness mixed,
Held constant sway within her bosom fixed;
No fairer foot e'er pressed the morning dew,
Nor to the altar, off'rings gave more true;
Of sire and mother reft, her early days,
Were left to roam in error's winding ways;
And that which seemed her fortune, proved her praise.

Her lot was with the good Damœtas laid,
And all his kindness she with care repaid;
For being by the gods supremely blest,
He sought to heal and succour the distrest;
Oft on those deeds of mercy she was sent,

And gratitude and joy awaited where she went:
Thus as she journied where her spirit loved,
The plague malignant her from earth removed.

STREPHON.

Oft did I note her on the hill and rock,
Or in the valley, sporting with her flock;
No tender youngling from it's parent dam,
Displayed a garland like her fav'rite lamb;
Than her's no crook more gaily was adorned,
Round it marsh marigold and crocus turned;
Blue hyacinths, and poppies red and white,
Narcissi faint, and pansies glowing bright;
Wild violets, and yellow daffodills,
And all that deck the groves, and plains, aud hills:—

MYCON.

And I have seen!—when, flying from the heat
Of Sirius fierce, the frantic kine retreat
To shady umbrage; on a bank reclined,
She viewed the landscape with a pensive mind.
While neath the oaks, and beeches, spreading round,
Her goats and sheep were browsing o'er the ground:
Thence strains of sylvan melody would flow,
From songsters on the bush, and bending bough;—
And oft, 'tis said,— loud piping notes of joy,
The handsome Lycidas to her would hie;
Supreme in song o'er all Arcadia's swains,
He only pleased her with his rural strains.
Among the woods his tuneful lays he sung,
Gold rolling locks, his cheeks down shading hung;
Or on the grass, unwishing worldly fame,
Gave to glad echo, his Aminta's name.

AMARILLIS.

Oh, happy sister! tranquil be thy shade,
Where thou art gone, no human woes invade;
Good, pious, youthful, envied be thy lot;
With deeds like thine, may ev'ry mind be fraught.
The gods reward the virtuous, just, and kind;
Thy name is left t' inspire us here behind.
The laurel and the myrtle, round thy urn
Shall weep unfading,—sombre cypress mourn;
The fawns and rural nymphs in sadness wail,
And here convey the wild flowers of the vale;
And oft at evening wand'ring from the mead,
Œschines or Damon, pipe on his oaten reed.

MENALCAS.

Aminta! be thy manes famed and blest,
And may the weary trav'ller o'er this waste,
Pause here and read;—thy honour so increase,—

AMARILLIS. STREPHON. MYCON.

Rest thy lamented shade!—Peace to thy ashes, peace!
Now o'er heav'n's concave, night resumed her sway,
And vanished swift, the late and ling'ring day;
In thoughtful mood, the humble shepherds wend,
Where curling smokes from distant tents ascend.

This classic scene the far-famed Poussin drew,
Whose pencil charms us, and his learning too;
Born had he been within the Attic prime,
He had not better shewn their Golden Time,

PORTRAIT OF KING CHARLES 1st.—VANDYCK.

See England's hapless Monarch standing there!
His form majestic, and august his air;
A plume snow-white adorns his rich chapeau,
His graceful locks in curls down rolling flow;
No visions now within his bosom prey,
Of rising faction, and usurping sway;
Subverted realm, or scaffold in array.
This is not troubled Charles on Chester's tower,
When Cromwell chased his troops o'er Marston Moor;
Nor that abandoned King on Naseby's plain,
His foaming steed impelling o'er the slain;
Before his Cavaliers,—there thund'ring on,
The foe the Royal Captain trampled down;
The royal troopers on the Roundheads pour,
The Ironsides back hurl—ne'er broke in fight before:
Whose raging leader mid the desp'rate strife,
Sir Ingram Opton* nigh deprived of life;
When swift his helm restored adjusting wrong,
He fought in that odd semblance stern and long;
Then—where the succours! where the thousand men.
To aid Sir Marmaduke† within the glen?
Impetuous Rupert!—Stuart's branch with woes,
Long owned thy needless ire on routed foes;

* In the early part of the engagement Cromwell was unhorsed by this gentleman.

† Sir Marmaduke Langdale. This Officer, with his division of 5000 men being driven into a defile, there fought so bravely, that he asserted if the aid of 1000 men had come to him, he would have turned the tide of battle. And Cromwell himself said he never saw troops fight more desperately.

Oh, sad mistake! thy conq'ring squadrons then,
Had with dead Parl'mentarians heaped the plain,
And kept secure, the Royal Martyr's reign.

But here the monarch stands with placid mien,
Around him glows a variegated scene;
Two pages wait: one holds his restive steed,
That crops the herbage on the luscious mead;
Afar a stately vessel ploughs the sea,
And seems to call the lofty King away.

All hail Vandyck! thanks to thy matchless skill,
We contemplate the fated Charles at will;
And honour to the Louvr's unrivalled hall,
That holds this gem, bright hanging on its wall.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.—Gainsborough.

The cottage stands within a forest's shade,
Of thatch and straw, the mingled roof is made;
A glassy rivulet runs smoothly by,
Afar green fields shine neath a sunny sky;
Here, o'er the brook a rustic bridge unwrought,
Leads from the meadows to the lonely cot;
There, on the right by lightning fury riv'n,
An aged oak uplifts its trunk to heav'n;
Before the door a rosy girl appears,
Who in her arms a smiling infant bears:
Four children small contend with gestures droll,
And fighting spoons, around the porridge bowl;
While one half-clad, devours with hungry gust
Sat near the bridge alone—his breakfast crust;

The cottage walls are lined with russet o'er.
And those sustain a plain unpainted door;
A morning fragrance seems diffused around,
The early bee has skimmed the neighbouring ground;
Here all is free from trouble, broil and strife,
A vivid view of English rural life!
Green banks and hedges, growing far and near,
The elm, and oak, and holly never sear;
Grey ash and hazel, and the poplar tall,
The scented hawthorn gay, and willows that down fall.
As these within the woods, the thickest grow,
So in the meads and vales the fairest wild flowers glow.

This Landscape gem to Gainsb'rough we owe,
Who pastoral nature foremost sought to shew;
Oft mid the dell, the wood, the vale,—retired,
He lay reclined, and sketched as he admired.

A SUNNY DAY. CUYP.

Now dazzling o'er the sky, Sol's glories beam,
In flashing silver rolls the river stream;
Sweet music singing, larks are soaring high,
And noisy hums of wand'ring bees are nigh.
Far on the right a rugged mountain grows,
Beneath whose shade a drove of kine repose;
And shepherds near attend them while they browse:
Beyond the waters in the distance dim,
Clad with gold mist, the hills and champaign seem;
With hues of golden green the earth's arrayed,
And o'er the landscape, golden green 's displayed;
Here! nigh two pond'rous stones of mossy sheen,

Such as repose in caves,—two cows are seen ;
One on the grass reclined, would seem to graze,
His brick-red form 's shot o'er with orange rays;
There by a verdant mound a hind takes rest,
Whose gleaming knife divides his noontide feast;
With him in converse stands another swain,
With scarlet vest and crook that beats the flowery plain
Down in the valleys by the reedy shore,
The purple vapours from the chimneys pour,
And roofs and towers are seen with red tiles cover'd o'er.
Pure sapphire, mixt with azure, decks the skies
And clouds of snow with golden tinges rise;
Around, above ! the firy breezes play,
And fervid heat, glows in the sunny day.

This splendid painting so to nature true,
That Cuyp, so famed for gorgeous landscape, drew ;
Than his, of all from Holland scenes conceived,
Is in no view more truth and warmth perceived ;
—Save Wouverman's ! unrivalled in — the Moor,
The raging Conflict, and the Ferry-Shore,
The swift, impetuous Chase,—where falcons scream and soar.

THE MARKET CART. GAINSBOROUGH.

Two country girls sit in a rough made cart,
That on its way jolts to the city mart;
Within, o'er varied heaps, the hot sun streams
Of nature's produce, kindling with its beams.
The grateful lettuce, mid the group 's displayed,
Here ! garden greens and roots, are also laid ;

Conspicuous there! the ruddy carrot glows,
And now to sight the juicy turnip grows;
And other offspring of the cultured field,
Of state, too low harmonious verse to build!
Beside the road a little pool appears,
Through which the cart, the white horse slowly bears,
Behind, above, huge trees of diff'rent race,
Reflect their shadows on the water's face;
And through the open wood, a road rough hewn,
With crackling, dread, unnumbered leaves is strewn;
A peasant with red jacket gazes round,
And throws his gathered sticks upon the ground.
Two farmer's boys walk near the horse's head,
A dog before goes on the way to lead;
And yonder, where the grass more verdant grows,
Upon the bank, two trav'llers repose.
In ev'ry place, high trees the scene surround,
The road upon each side with trees is crowned;
Apollo's rays each doubtful copse invade,
And through each vista, pour a golden shade;
The heav'ns serene, exhale an azure blue,
And silver rolling clouds, and branches close the view.

This gem, and many others, Gainsb'rough drew;
Who painted rural scenes and landscapes true,
One said,—this picture much increased his fame,
A brother artist!—Reynolds was his name.

PHÆDRA AND HYPPOLYTUS.

Hyppolytus in horror and surprise,
Turns round indignant, and averts his eyes;

Extends his arm fell slander to implore,
And shudd'ring, grows upon the marble floor.
His hair ambrosial with celestial grace,
In wanton locks rolls down his beauteous face;
His baldric is embossed with stags and hounds,
A lion's shaggy skin his back surrounds;
The hunter's bow his better hand retains,
And a full quiver on his loins remains,
Th' unlaboured sheath without the sword is seen,
And sandals clasp his feet of golden sheen;
His breast and front, light and curtailed in size
A tunic covers, hanging on his thighs;
Two large, athletic greyhounds round him go,
One views his master's face, and seems to share his woe.
His godlike form cast in Apollo's mould,
In ev'ry limb, grace, strength, and speed, behold;
The hunters vig'rous air resistless, proud,—
Untaint with city vice, unchained, unbowed;
The mighty force the savage bear to wound,
The swiftness uncontrolled—impetuous o'er the ground.

But mark the frowning monarch on the dais,
Revenge and shame contending in his face;
One left colossal arm his queen entwines,
His right upon his knee, with clenched fist receives,
A helm with shady plumes, of massive size,
Upon a pedestal bright gleaming lies;
By th' weighty helmet pressed his falchion lays,
And studded belt, adorned with vivid rays;
And a vast orb, gainst th' upright marble leans.
Sculptured with warlike deeds and pleasing scenes.
From this broad streams of dazzling brightness pour,
And its effulgent beams, flash o'er the polished floor.

The warrior's unshorn locks, a grove of hairs,
Of mighty strength, his wrathful forehead rears;
A radiant fillet these embraces roand,
Save some ascending curls in sport unbound;
A branch of sinews his nude neck upbears,
Which of huge size, and taurine power appears;
A better leg enormous he reveals,
His left and giant bulk his robe conceals;
Sandals of rare design of plated gold,
Those nervous heels clasp with tenacious hold;

Meanwhile false Phædra quakes with hid despair,
And shuns her victim with a troubled air;
The inward anguish smarts through all her soul,
And on her pallid face the sweat-drops roll.
While now with hate, now with unbounded love
By turns contending thoughts her bosom move:
Thus when she views his form and noble grace,
Love fills her heart, she mourns his hapless case,
Returning fondness would such beauty save;
Rejected passion, now—makes all her fury rage.
Her hand convulsive grasps her snowy veil,
Upward, her locks in wild disorder sail!
Mid these an ampyx rests of laboured gold,
And her distended eyes, are with fierce frenzy rolled.
Behind, a hoar attendant's, seen to stand,
Who earnest bids, her feelings to command;
With finger raised, stills th' tumult of her soul,
And prays th' regardless queen her thoughts control;

"Ampyx"—A plate worn around or in front of the head; sometimes of silver, at other times brass, or gold. See Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities.—Au.

Whose best white arm sustains a gleaming sword,
Perchance the weapon of the hunter-lord;
Who when he to his father's palace came,
And scorned the love of the adulterous dame,
The blade resigned,—this vengeful Phædra found;
And on him charged th' attempt, her chastity to wound.

This youth Hyppolyte to Theseus bore,
Who like Alcides sought the Euxine shore;
To Ethra, queen of Trœzene, was brought,
'Neath whose fond care, his infant mind was taught;
Th' Amazon Queen (Hyppolyte) now dead,
Theseus took Cretan-Phædra to his bed;
Who having seen at some Athenian games,
The child then come to man, was stung with guilty flames;
Her ardent love repulsed, with hatred dread
She told the king the prince had forced his bed;
Who prayed to Neptune to avenge the crime,—
And as the Gods dealt judgment in that time;
While the wronged youth, rode near the ocean's verge.
The Sovereign of the Waves rose on the surge;
When! two fierce Sea-calves raised their horrid heads;
Gained swift the shore, and scared the sprightly steeds;
The car o'erturned, the youth within their power,—
His beauteous form in mangled pieces tore.

But chaste Diana mourning his sad fate,
Called Esculapius where in hell he sate;
The youth restored to life by wondrous skill,
Companion of her sports now roves the woods at will.

He who created this magnific scene,
Belongs to France and dwells by argent Seine;

Though little known to Albion, still his name
Is blown through Europe by the trump of Fame.
As long as skill and genius man shall own,
So long shall time proclaim his vast renown;
And France and Frenchmen joy, that Guerin's of them one.

ADVENTURE OF PHILOPŒMEN.

SIR PETER P. RUBENS.

Th' Achœan leader, of his pallium bare,
Grasps the keen arm, and cleaves with servile air;
And as a giant's would a pigmy's force deride;
Behold great Philopœmen's might applied!
One leg enormous braced by sinews vast,
With stubborn vigour's on the fragment placed;
The other huge limb stiffens, stretched at length,
His bulk sustains, and pushes all his strength;
As earnest to the abject task he bends,
His power collects;—when swift the axe descends:
Or, formed in brawn and muscle, upwards throws,
His higher members; doubling blows on blows.
His head is covered o'er with curly locks,
A dusky maze; and now behind he looks:
That while surveys the hostess and the host;
He with concern, and in amazement lost,
Cries,—"What O Philopœmen meanest thou?
Who thus,—"The fine of my ill-form I'm paying now!"
Upon a massive table clustered rest,
The luxuries of the expected feast.
To crown the board the royal peacock view,
And heath-fowl, turkeys, birds less rich in hue!
And doves of varied plumage, chanticleer,—
Pheasants and swans, and antelopes appear.

With these—of ev'ry species, fruits are seen,
The juicy melon, purple grapes and green;
And apricots and nectarines abound;
And citrons, apples, mulberries are found.
Figs, dates, and oranges, from Eastern land,
And red pomegranates, heaped in baskets stand.
Kind Plenty, here, the choice of all her store,
Has brought till Appetite can wish no more.
There! wily creeps, with orbs of em'rald sheen,
Neath Juno's fav'rite's variegated train,
Prowling Grimalkin; curls her whiskers white,
And on a fallen fowl, prepares t' alight.
The roof, a climbing vine-tree covers o'er,
And tendrils of the vine hang o'er the door.
O'er yon fair plains serenely glow the skies,
And neath th' horizon's verge, huge, hoary, mountains rise.

Rubens! who scorned the manner'sm of School,
Which fettered genius, and which taught by rule,
This picture painted; offspring (made in part)
From great Italian, and, true Flemish art.
And in th' Ideal, him though weak we find,
All other subjects grasped his powerful mind;
O'er which his fancy reigned, unbounded, unconfined,

THE SPANISH FLOWER GIRL.—Murillo.

The turban red and white proclaims the race,
Half Moor, half Spanish; and the swarthy face.
While here the vivid blushes seem to grow,
There all's illumined with a golden glow;—

The hue that's known each female cheek t' adorn
In Andalusia, and South Gallia, born.
Upon her open lips, and in her eyes
Of blackest radiance, lurking laughter lies;
To deck the lowly turban round her head,
Of sober bloom appears a rose of red;
And o'er her shoulders hung, a broidered scarf is spread.
Behind, unawed by Time's corroding powers,
Hoar, mossy, grey, a lofty structure towers;
Nigh where the maiden sits, and sweetly vends her flowers.
All in the distance is a desert ground,
And cliffs, and mountain heights, are seen beyond.
No pictured mould could e'er transcend the ease
In which she rests, nor ought the winning grace;
The smile alluring, the entreating gaze,
Resistless all, her flowers to purchase prays:
Of varied kind, her well-formed hands uphold
These, clustered in her scarf's capacious fold.
In her attire no brilliant colours glare,
She's seen in no assumed, no pompous air;
A seeming breathing form of truth and nature rare.

Mong near four hundred paintings, this! the gem,
Where Dulwich sits beyond the argent Thame,
May be beheld; within the Gall'ry placed,
Which each revolving year's her College graced.
To doubt Murillo's genius would be vain;
The mighty Master of the School of Spain!
Tis one of his most famed, with us may't long remain.

THE FOUNTAIN.—Zuccarelli.

When hangs o'er Italy Eve's dusky veil,
Her sportive maids dance on the dewy dale;

The hind impels his kine, and homeward wends,
The Shepherd swift from mountain height descends.
Here! from a fountain, see! antique and quaint,
The trickling stream is o'er the basin sent;
O'er rocks and moving stones meandering slow,
Into a little pool falls soft below.
A mendicant sits on the verdant side,
The surface still his weary feet divide;
Beneath him spread his scanty clothes appear,
His knotty staff his nervous arms upbear;
A little basket rude, and leather gourd are there.
Hard by, upon a gently rising ground
A peasant group and animals are found;
A youthful male form, on horseback placed,
Whose arms are round a playful child embraced;
A cow full grown, and herdsman driving sheep;
And nigh, with pitcher from the lucid deep
A graceful figure moving up the slope;
Who views the beggar, and would seem to stop:
Her vessel lowers, which her fair arms sustain,
And zephyrs frolic mid her azure train.
A coif of snow-white hue adorns her head,
A yellow corsage 's round her bosom spread;
While upward o'er the green her naked members tread.
A ram and sheep stand on the grassy edge,
The water clear reflects them from its ledge.
The fount's o'ercanopied with umbrage broad,
Far on the right, beside a waving wood,
A drover and his kine are seen upon the road.
And o'er yon vale's white castellated towers,
(A City's structures high) the hoary mountain lours.

THE BANDIT'S WIFE.—Leopold Robert.

She's seated on a mound or grassy knoll,
And o'er the scene, her eyes appear to roll,
Of ebon lustre; black luxuriant hair
Formed in short curls, adorns her temples fair.
Within her bosom, stern some passion lours,
And o'er her face the shade impetuous pours.
The upturned lip would speak a recent wrong,
Or jealous pang, or Pride's unnumbered throng;
Her head and clust'ring locks, of sombre hue
A coif half covers; purple, green, or blue.
Her finely moulded form,—of gorgeous ray
A tunic folds, whose golden fringes play;
A shawl and outer garment this surround,
And to her feet, are uncouth sandals bound;
Beside her sleeps, sat on the ground below,
A youthful girl, and wears a coif of snow;
A costly robe some mercer rich might own,
With native grace seems round her figure thrown.
Here! by the tender child a basket's seen,
Whose wicker sides a heap of fruit contain;
There! on the knoll, in vesture quaint arrayed,
A youthful brother on his breast is laid;
Scarce aught of verdure decks the broad champaign,
Afar, beyond, appears the mountain chain;
Wide through the zenith of the azure height,
Slow move some vapours of a silv'ry white;
And all the earth below, illumine with their light.

Leopold Robert!- he so much renowned—
A vivid object on Italian ground,
Created this; 'mong whose wild race he'd rove,

And to display their forms and customs strove.
Alas! that man so oft should grasp the knife,
And mad despairing end so short a life.
Though Robert had so early conquered fame,
Though art could then scarce boast so great a name,—
Adoring one, he hopeless thought to win,
His soul was vanquished by that passion's pain,
And soon one morn beheld, him by his razor slain.

SONNETS.

PHILOPŒMEN.

Oh, Philopœmen! of Greek heroes last,
Sad mourned Achaia thy unhappy fate;
And to revenge, her warriors rose in haste.
Her cow'ring bands, thy skill framed dread to war;
When—sudden tremour seized each hostile state,—
While the close phalanx and mailed squadrons glare.
Th' Achæans saw, on that triumphant day,
Though spear transfixed,—the foe proclaiming joy,—
Thy legs spring from restraint, crashed wood,—away;
And bear thee slaught'ring, where the vaunters stood:
Who, fled thy sword—bathed o'er with Nature's dye;
The host then firing, thou to Vict'ry rode.

Chief of exalted soul! thy virtue strong
Gold's malign glitter, riches all contemned;
From toils of state to push thy plough along,
To join thy slaves, and press the clust'ring vine.
And sport mid husbandry; much happier deemed
Than sway, with monarchs; or, neath gems to shine.
As Heav'n befriends the valiant, great, and good,—
And those with skill and wondrous force endues,
So thy resistless jav'lin none withstood;
No Pelloponesian could thy strength exceed:
Achaia! as her sire; and, gainst her foes
A leader matchless, wailed thee, being dead.

WARWICK.

Upholder, and dethroner of each King!
Warwick's dread earl renowned, the muses call;
He! and his sire hoar Salisbury,—they sing,
For York o'er Henry,—chief St. Albans won;
How wronged in love by Edward's guileful soul,
His vengeance swift, him drove from throne and crown,
Then! soon for Margaret, in fields of blood
Arose the—Bear and Ragged Staff,—strange view!
High on the bravest Neville's helmet stood;—
Were none who augured the King-Maker's fall:
Ah he! the snow at Barnet, only slew;
The monarch weak scarce scaped a second thrall.

MARK ANTONY.

Where wast thou Antony when Julius fell?
Thy dreadful might the dastards well decoyed;
Or th' Senate Hall had heard their dying yell.
But vengeance soon thee bore to Philippi!
Where Cassius sunk,—and lofty Brutus died;
Who fierce his dagger, struck in Greatness' thigh.
The World's dread Emperor! thou didst resign,
Thy tough, enduring frame, to Luxury's hands;
Nor then in van, in panoply, didst shine:
By Cleopatra, and soft dalliance slaved.
Actium and Alexandria, saw thy bands
Stoop t' Octavius; of their chief bereaved.

Undaunted Roman! Death-Bolt to the foe!
Though for One fair, lost to dominion's call;
The spheres to mate thy force ne'er one could shew.

And this the crafty base triumvir knew,
  And at thy challenge felt his soul's appal;
  Th' while left thy ruin safe to Treach'ry's crew.
Munificent, no potentate as Thee!
  Kingdoms and wealth, were on thy friends bestowed;
  A general matchless, on the land, or sea;
Great in distress;—thy virtues drowned thy shame:
  Pitied for aye. Who down thy fortunes trod,
  With soul untouched,—be veiled his scanty fame.

WILLIAM TELL.

  Oft shall the pilgrim muse mid Altorf's mart,
  And eager scan where Gessler's cap was placed;
  And loud extol oh Tell! thy mighty heart,
Which shunned the shame, and scorned the abject bands;
  When from thy cottage by oppression chased,
  The torch of Freedom roused the Canton lands.
Fierce to thy aid rose Unterwalden's storms,
  The wave-tossed bark struck terror to the Scourge;
  Swift rent thy chains th' appalled, imploring forms,
And safe thy arm oared through the angry stream:
  The Tyrant's slaves, saw—leap'd from rock, to verge,—
  Thy shaft drink blood; soon Liberty o'ercame.

HANNIBAL.

  Thou quenchless fire of Carthaginian hate,
  Sword of Red Mars! Rome's terror! Hannibal!
  How may the muse thy wond'rous deeds relate?
E'en Alpine summits bowed before thy course;
  Foot, horse, and elephant, the ready Gaul,

Poured down on Italy wtth raging force.
As near Ticinus, Scipio fought in vain,
Sempronious like ill-fate by Trebbia met;
In each dread conflict earth was strewed with slain:
And rash Flaminius by thy lure impelled,
Where surges wild o'er Thasymenus beat,
Led fierce his host;—and sunk on th' bloody field.

Dire scourge to foes! in strategy unmatched!
O'er ravaged lands thy conq'ring forces ranged;
Though then nor unencountered, nor unwatched.
In haste, rude Varro! and Emilius! led
Their equal hosts, and to one army changed,
By Aufidius; where was Cannœ spread.
Ill-fated thou! the Beast-Destroyer fled,
His brother chief, and fifty thousand slain;
Why brok'st not up, and marched to Rome with speed?
Sure had thy latent skill such vantage claimed;
The Capitol, had then been sacked or ta'en:
Nor outcast hads't thou roamed, nor been defamed,

Great hope of Carthage! grieve not, Zama viewed
Thy inexperienced forces yield the plain,
To Scipio's troops; who such dread fields had stood:
For with the victor, all the world have owned,
Skill like thou shew'dst, had ne'er before been seen;
Nor lost thy chaplet aught, though Fortune frowned.
Transcendent victim of a dastard fear!
How little Prusias gained by rend'ring thee;
How much less glory falls to Titus' share;
While small Lybissa, on Bythinian strand,
To ev'ry rolling age shall cherished be;
There stood thy urn;—there, Fame thy name shall brand.

MARCELLUS.

Champion of Rome, and Gauntlet of her host!
Noble Marcellus, now I'd sing thy praise;—
The Gaulish King, to life thy valour lost;
And when gainst Hannibal each owned alarm,
Wast Consul sole, dared meet—dared seek his face;
And wasted oft his ranks thy thund'ring arm.
Nola! thrice viewed the subtle chief's defeat;
Vain! Archimedes, planned for Syracuse;
Crows, hooks, nor stones, could stand thy fury's heat:
But earnest sorrow, for the sage's end,
To burn and rase the town thy stern refuse;—
Swells more thy worth, than spoils or battles gained.

Majestic hero! grappler of the Scourge!
Reluctant owned he thine,—Numistro's day;
But shunned mong slain, 'gainst thee his force to urge.
What though Canusium fortune him returned,
The morn, Thee saw — triumphant in the fray;
While thousands slain, the transient conq'ror mourned,
But ah! — against the Sword of Horrid Mars!
The "Sword of Rome" howe'er so stout, were nought:
Thou who hadst scathless scaped so many wars;
Most valiant hand to hand, or with the force; —
Whose might from foes safe Octacilius brought;
In th' Carthaginian's wile, slain — closed thy course.

WILLIAM PENN.

Just Anglian! may long thy worth be sung;
Pride of Philanthropy, enlightened Penn!
Oft lisps thy name on Savage childhood's tongue.

Its sound high chiefs and warriors thrilling own:
While through fierce tribes, one in thy costume seen,
Was known to wander — unassailed — alone.
In thee,—the White, was hailed the Red-Man's friend,
Fair barter gav'st thou for his native land;
And Him, gainst those who wronged, thy laws sustained.
The suff'ring Negro next received thy aid,
Thou and thy sect first freed his fettered hand;—
But soon, alas! thy head in earth was laid.

FABIUS MAXIMUS.

Unmoved of soul, sedate, mild, Fabius!
"Ovicula*!" or "Verrucosus!" some,
Addressed thee; and,—yet greater—"Maximus!!"
Thee!!—"Shield of Rome!" once,—her "Last Hope!"—
I call:
To tell how oft, He taunted thee to come
To battle, and thy stedfast mind appal,
The wily Carthaginian!—would be naught.
How pity for Minutius made thee haste
With courage o'er thy years, and succours brought;
When,—turned the double host against the foe!
Who in amaze, drew off his forces fast:
Nor yet e'er Fate, laid thousands slaughtered low.

Sing! first my muse, that rare and gen'rous deed,
Which snatched from censure fierce the band forlorn!
Those whom thy ready aid, and bounty freed.
Next owns thy praise,—when by the troops assailed

*Ovicula signifies a sheep. He was so called for his mildness when a boy. He was called Verrucosus because of a wart upon his upper lip.—Au.

As spiritless;—thy arr'gant leaders' scorn,
To urge the fight; thy firm resolve prevailed.
When after Cannœ, Hannibal's red spear
O'er Rome hung threat'ning, thou with visage firm
Sole, mildly paced; and checked the people's fear.
Nor, 'gainst thy Consul-son didst anger feel,
Who bade—forsake thy steed—though old, infirm;
And when he died, bore the affliction well.

Now on the hills encamped, and yet so nigh,
That dread perpetual, filled the chagrined foe;
And thee to lure to war, all arts would try.
In vain! Then foll'wing swiftly as He moved,
Still shunned the challenge;—surely, yet though slow,
Weakened his host;—awhile his ruin proved.
Nor Casilinum, forced he without loss;
Thou seized Tarentum, as He won the same;
To slay, like Marcus*—thee, his snares arose;
But vailless all, save Metapontum's bait.—
Thou, Maximus, sole!—of th' Fabian name,
Dead—mourned her Perfect Chief, the Roman State.

CORTEZ.

Long had Columbus found the Western world!
And thither led the dauntless bands of Spain;
Who o'er new climes their banners gay unfurled.
When Cortez—by ambition roused and gold,
Ploughed through the billows of th' Atlantic main;
And led to Mexico his foll'wers bold.
How firm his soul!—no peril could dismay
His march intrepid,—nor the hostile foe;
Though each rough course, through swamps and forests lay.

* Marcellus!—slain in an ambuscade.

How cruel!—e'en would Horror pallid turn,
To list the massacres, and tortures slow,
Those Indians suffered;—by his mandate stern.

Weak Montezuma! had'st thou early brought
Thy empire's might at once to Vera Cruz,
Whate'er his valour! vain had Cortez fought.
Inaction, gave him time to fortify:
To seize thee in thy palace soon he rose;
And on his battlements, exposed to die.
Then Guatimozin scaled the vacant throne,
To save his capital flew brave to arms;—
On the "Sad Night" what Spaniards were o'erthrown!—
War's art, the Mexicans experience taught:
Was heard the God of War's Great Drum's alarms;
And for their Idols' food, the foe were sought.

But vain O Cortez, 'gainst thy mail-clad bands,
Nude natives combat; captured in his flight,
Undaunted Guatimozin graced thy hands;
And ruthless hang'd, perforce resigned his realm:
Suppressed revolts oft owned thy dreadful might;
Though fell they raged, thee and thy power t' o'erwhelm.
Then,—of a mighty empire, victor sole,
Did'st thou return (though gorgeous with its spoils)
To feel a King's deceit—ungrateful soul?—
Thou—the All-conq'ring! fierce!—stung with the smart,
With chagrin sorrowed in Oblivion's aisles;
The keenest gall, to an aspiring heart.

CATLIN.

The hospitable Red-man! wronged—oppressed,
By the Fire-fluid, gun, and trapper base;
For refuge hurried to the Western-Waste.
But still pursued by the remorseless White,
E'en there! was hunted like the Ursine race,
And rose his tortured groans to Mercy's height.
Thou Catlin! stem of a disfranchised land,
With sorrow heard.—with ardour flew t' redress;
A fearless pilgrim, visited each band,—
Sioux, Pawnee, Mandan, Blackfeet, Osage!
Transplanting wide the blossom-branch of Peace:
And kept thy scalp, nor felt their rumoured rage.

Translantic Howard! the lost Indian's friend!
Unceasing urgedst thou thy noble toil;
Through wond'ring tribes, green prairies oft wouldst wend;
Now by thy art their braves, and custom shew:
Thy voice indignant, empire, state, and isle,
Woke to avert, the Red-Man's fall and woe.
Thy vivid scroll, that race so dreaded, scorned,
—By sons of Massacre, Blood-Fiends, proclaimed;
Resistless keeps such calumnies inurned:
Yea, holds the Savage,—gen'rous, friendly, mild,
And ever faithful;—when nor wronged, contemned;
Enduring, dauntless, in his native wild.

Bold voyageur! two hemispheres have seen,
Thy rich museum of a race so strange;
Thy pencil ardent, pictured views and men,—
The game, and hunt, and fierce incursive fight:

Europe astound, is taught all in her range
Of laurelled brave, must bow to savage might.
Returned Oh, Catlin! then, from thankless lands,
Who viewed thy labour's fruits with frigid eye;
'Tis said;—indignant at the sordid bands,
And grieving sad;—Humanity's so few!
To the far-west, again thy feet would hie:
Go then? and Heaven,—assist thy worthy view.

CÆSAR.

But feebly can the muse aspire to sing,
Long matchless Cæsar! here thy wondrous praise;
From souls transcendent, deeds transcendent spring.
Eight hundred cities captured in assault,
Subdued five hundred realms,—as chief displays,
Thee, nigh beyond compare, and void of fault.
Of Cicero, the rival and the foe;
Thy learning, eloquence, e'en him surprised;
And shrank from Anticato, his Cato.
Thee as a skilled historian, proclaim
Those comment'ries, 'mid haste and war devised;
While some, thou wooed the goddess-virgins, deem.

The Helvetians, Tigurini, first, in Gaul
In fight were worsted, these by Arar's flood;
Those, near Bibracte on the Romans fall;
When! dazzling there, Oh chief! thy courage shone:
What, though surprised! the host firm posted stood;
Nor rode thou steed until the day was won.
Soon, Ariovistus saw his Germans slain;
Then, forth against the Nervii, mong thick woods
Thy buckler flashed, and all were slaughtered lain.

Vercingetorix ! still, the fed'rate hordes
Drew round Alesia ; vain raged town and crowds :
Fell full three hundred thousand, food for birds.

How true at Padua, Caius saw th' event,—
" Cæsar was conq'ror on Pharsalia's field ! "
And Zela— " Veni, vidi, vici,"—sent :
But oh ! near Munda's walls, those vet'ran bands
Of wont so awless, brave, had nigh made yield,
—So slack they combat,—thee to " Children's " hands.
Faults hadst thou ?—yea ! but were they as the clouds
That transient speck, heav'ns vault, a sun-shine day ;
All, which thy agonizing death enshrouds.
Where then was Antony ?—or other might ?
The murd'rers base neath Freedom's veil to stay ;
Who, with ungrateful Brutus pierced Rome's Light !

BLAKE.

England's great Admiral ! heroic Blake !
For thee the muse would call forth all her powers ;
And sing how hostile fleets were wont to quake,—
Dutch ! Spanish ! Lusian ! corsairs of the Moor !
Viewing approach those threat'ning wooden towers,
Thy skill triumphant steered from shore to shore.
Vain ! hapless Rupert, chased from sea to sea,
From Kingsale sallying. thro' thy arm'ment broke ;
And refuge seeking, short in Tagus lay :
Him rancour urged to ruthless sink, destroy,
Thy country's traffic barks ; felt he the stroke
At Malaga, and to courts was forced to fly.

But greater tasks and conquests soon thee wait!
Van Tromp! De Ruyter!—guided Holland's fleets;
And stern De Witt; for such the will of fate.
The first, with five and forty ships of war,
Proud in the Downs, thy little squadron meets;
But strives successless, e'en though 'gainst a score.
Next those—with sixty formidable sail,
Provoked in that same place, once more the fight:
Whilst thou with strength, hope,—equal—it didst hail.
Nor yet entire—they scaped to Kentish Knock,
One, and th' Rear Admiral—ta'en, confessed thy might;
With three submerged;—their line of battle broke.

Ere long, his four score ships again Tromp led;
As quickly thou! like potent, ploughed the deeps:
When—worsted th' second time, he from thee fled.
The third encounter him by Goree found,—
With men of war twice sixty, lo! he sweeps;
The third time, there, o'er him wast thou renowned.
How haughty Tunis suffered from thy ire,
Now last I tell; and that unrivalled deed,
Which Santa Cruz's Plate Fleet set on fire.*

* This action was perhaps the most daring that had been performed since the days of Greece and Rome; and is unequalled even to the present day. The harbour of Santa Cruz, in which the plate-fleet lay, was, on the north side defended by a castle complete with cannon; and in other parts with seven forts with cannon proportioned to their size,—uniting all these was a line of communication manned with musqueteers. With his small ships under the guns of the castle, and six great galleons with their broadsides to the sea, the confident Spaniard awaited the attack. Notwithstanding all this, with the most admirable disposition and determined heroism, Blake stood in, sending

For him who after gave thy corse to shame,
Has just Posterity, high scorn decreed;
And dark Oblivion; lasting as thy Fame.**

Stayner to play upon the fortifications, and fell himself upon the enormous seven; the least of which was larger than any ship under his command. The result, as had been the daring, was most extraordinary; the smaller vessels, forty cannon, &c., were shattered and destroyed; the galleons taken or fired: the whole forming, as Lord Clarendon says, the most incredible naval exploit of any period.

** A revengeful mandate, soon after the restoration, caused the body of Blake to be taken from his tomb in Henry VII's Chapel, and buried in a pit in St. Margaret's Church-yard.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

(ELEGIAC.)

And swarthy sons from Egypt's soil, where murm'ring as
they gleam,
Old Nilus' far-diverging arms, draw to their parent stream;
Where crystal wave glides over wave, with gentle ripp'ling
flow,
There scaly monsters swim the flood, and reeds and rushes
grow.
There Cheops stands:—whose hoary pile, outlives each
century;
He whispers with the passing clouds, in tow'ring majesty;
A solemn stillness reigns within. Yet—voices seem to say,
Four thousand rolling years are gone, since we beheld the
day.
Mighty Pyramids! sole remains, of Egypt's fallen state,
Where is her ancient grandeur now, Thebes with the hun-
dred gates?
Is it in yon granite column, that towers above the plain,
Or lies it in this sculptur'd dome, once Isis' sacred fane?
Perchance tis in the silent tomb, the gilt Sarcophagus,
Where Echo by each noise disturb'd, speaks from her
hollow house;
Your Phar'oh's and your Ptolemies, your Mighty slumber
on,
With mournful eyes you gaze around, your glory then is
gone.
Where are your famous men of war, your learned sages
grave?
Where are the hidden mysteries that Hermes taught and gave?
Temples and palaces are gone, their fragments strew the
plain,

And reptiles leave a slimy track o'er ev'ry sun-lit fane.
Oh mighty monuments of old, within your walls no sound
Reverb'rates through those galleries; no! all is deep profound.
Where then is past magnificence,—all but the vestige gone?
Ye stand in sullen majesty, but mutter there is none.
Did Hermes of the Flaming Belt, who read the starry sky,
And ruled with spells the rolling deep, foretell thy destiny;
And grav'd those awe-inspiring signs,* whose virtues none divine;
Did he foresee the fate that hung o'er Egypt's royal line?
Her lofty walls in ruins lie, her streets are desolate.
Those countless hosts with gold bedecked, that issued from each gate,
Lie mould'ring in the dust. Cheops! thyself and thine still reign;
Where are her other monuments? he answers, none remain.
No Cleopatra rules he land, with more than regal sway;
Alexandria's halls are still: hast thou forgot the day
When Egypt's queen down Cydmus' stream, whose waters gently rolled,
Within a gorgeous galley sailed, whose poop was beaten gold;
While Lydia's sons, the lucid wave divide with silver oars:
Enchanting music's strains are heard, and odours scent the shores.
Reclined upon a spangled couch of Iris' hues is seen,
With cupids fanning her by turns, the great Egyptian queen.
The sun his sparkling splendours shed on ev'ry gurgling rill,
And tinged each solemn cypress-grove, and consecrated hill;
Uplit the great colossal domes, and beamed his rosy smiles,
Upon the marbled temple's still and sombre-columned piles.

* The Hieroglyphics.

The devotees forsook their shrines and hurried to the scene,
Where conq'ring Antony was subdued by Egypt's wondrous queen.
Adieu gigantic Pyramids! tombs of the mighty dead,
Time was when ye were unhewn stone, but ages since have fled:
Say mausoleums of the great, do you perpetuate
Memphisia's fallen dynasty, the grandeur of her state?
When Sol begins his firy course, your summits shine with gold;
While with amazement deep below, the gazing crowds behold.
Mid tempests dark, and lightning's flash, or thunder's rolling war,
Mid thickest gloom, your giant forms still tower amid the air.

THE BANDIT'S SONG.

At the birth of the morn from slumber I rise,
And forsake the green sward where my comrade lies;
Where the cataract smoking, comes thund'ring down,
In ambush I lurk with my ominous gun;
And woe to the stranger its eye lours upon.

The pilgrim abandons his country and friends,
And wond'ring and lauding through Italy wends;
He exults our Appennine mountains t' explore,
But guileful they glow,—and he views them no more;
His body we leave for gaunt wolves to devour.

Troops of soldiers to take us are scouring the land;
Destruction 's their doom!—should they meet with our band,
Our secret strong-holds all their efforts deride,
And ruthless we slay all who venture their guide;
(How oft hath such wretch by this poinard died!)

Like the bound of the chamois, the goat in it's leap,
We spring over river, o'er crag, and o'er steep;
When the ardent pursuer conceives we are fled,
From his hiding-place round each brother starts dread;
And points his long gun at his enemy's head.

Where, by the road-side, stands yon cross rudely made,
The aspen wild waves o'er the numerous dead;
Both count and retainers, marchesa and guard,
Who through yon defile have our fastnesses dared,
Surrendered their all, or a three-fold reward.

Dame, carriage, and signior, rich merchant and steed,
From gold, horse, and carriage,—are courteously freed;
Or, have they no money,—some relative fears,
We'll send in a letter each captive's two ears:
And must death next ensue, if soon none appears.

Brok'n columns and fragments the long grass bends o'er,
Rent, ruined 's the fane, where were men wont t'adore.
The sage awly musing will thither oft stray,
There unseen in the edifice, lurking we lay;
And fiercely exulting spring forth on our prey.

Let the craven toil on, in city, in town;
Serve burgher, or noble, or fool of renown:
Let him shrink from the theft,—the Deed void and shun,
By the Virgin!* tis joy! when the plunder is won;
And our red stilettos we smile grimly on.

None's free as the Bandit, or vies with his gains,
Must all yield him tribute caught in his domains!
No high-titled signior can match his array,
No lord, count, or marquis, e'er steps forth so gay!
Nor gallant at Carnival shews like display.

Costly velvet our vests, and emerald green,
(On some of the band other colours are seen),
Adorned o'er the surface with fringes of gold,
Or decked with rare jewels, aye splendid t' behold:
And gorgeous around view each belt firmly rolled.

The poniard we plant there, the pistols we fling,
There,—gold watches dangle, and trinkets oft ring;
Of diff'rent hues, ribbons gracefully bind
Our sandals; our hats are decked with like kind:
While our locks, raven-black, soar far with the wind.

The steed o'er his pasture, the stag through the grove,
Moves, nor prances, so proudly,—as, striding, we move;
As th'enamelled verdure rebounds with our tread,
So the flower 'neath its vigour lies crushed and dead:
While ravines we clamber, and torrents we wade.

Luigi, Nicolo, and Pietro, one day,
Rushed swift up the mountain in fear and dismay:
The right hand of Pietro with blood was defiled,
His lip curled and quivered, and sourly he smiled,
Bloodshot was his eye, and flashed fiercely and wild.

And anon as his gaze roamed the champaign beneath,
His dagger he played with, and gnashed he his teeth.
His nostrils were widened, and pallid his face,
And frownings and gloom loured over its space;
While stern oaths of vengeance each other fast chase.

Why thus hotly followed, (for troops to our hold,
Pursued my three comrades) we bade them unfold;
When Luigi spoke. "Pass through streets of Narni,"
"Myself and Nicolo, and, saunt'ring, see
"A crowd close round Pietro, who struggles to flee.

"With stiletto in hand we rush to the fray,
"And Captain! the fame of the band well display.
"From our mountain vigour receded each paunch,
"And soon scampered howling, the hot blood to staunch;
"While taking the time, off with Pietro we launch.

"But scarce leave the town, more our belts firmly bind,
"Ere behold we a score yelling devils behind;
"And soldiers in government vesture arrayed,
"And one firy horseman much seeming their head,
"When—each holding his breath—more rapid we sped.

"Said Pietro meanwhile; in the course of his route,
"A girl he fell in with, and snatched a salute.
"But high-born the maiden, her lover in hail;
"He rushed upon Pietro;—was fell'd,—but her wail,
"The burghers drew round. This—brave Captain!—our tale."

Not once proscribed outlaws, but herdsmen were we,
The ditty we sung, and the dance joined with glee.
But Riches, and Power, and Oppression, and Guile,
Soon forcibly seized on the fruits of our toil;
And we fled to the hills till vengeance should smile.

We once grieved to list to the moanings of pain,
And shrank from beholding the corse of the slain.
But our wrongs have now steeled us to wailings and woe,
And we joy in the combat,—the resolute blow;
And gloat o'er fresh carnage, o'er blood's crimson flow.

But hark to yon uproar!—the cavern within,
Carousing, the band on the ground may be seen.

We in innermost cave part spoils of the day,
Then goblet and dice wile the evening away;
And sweet smiles of woman beam over our play.

But yonder my dear Niccoletta appears,
See! a basket of fruits on her round arm she bears.
There are melons,—what tongue, though parched, could repine?
There—grapes rich and glowing, plucked fresh from the vine;
And those grateful citrons what hand would resign?

No! none like the Brigand is merry or free;
For pelf and his comrades he scorns each degree.
Ere death to be chief is his soul's ardent flame;
The foremost in rank, as the foremost in fame:—
Yes! such is my hope, Benedetto my name!

THE SONG OF IÖNE'S GOLD FISHES.

A CHINESE LEGEND,

And in which is incorporated a description of the Porcelain Pagoda, or Temple of Boudh.

PART FIRST.

We were born in a world more bright and resplendent,
And sported in regions more lucid and clear,
Than the God of the Day, with glory transcendent;
Who urges his coursers of gold through the sphere:
In happy oblivion our joys were unbounded,
Deep in limpid caves we radiantly glide;
While above and below, by silence surrounded,
About us and round, rolled the watery void.

Environed with walls, high, refulgent, and shining,
Formed in eight glorious parts our great empire stood;
One emerald, one pearl, saw Sol when declining;
One sapphire, one ruby, where rises the God:
Two gazed at the south, with mingled flames gleaming;
The dazzling di'mond, and glittering topaze;
One am'thyst, one opal, were gainst the north beaming,
While the jasper-made ground mixed lustre displays.

In gorgeous attire the translucent dividing,
Our brilliant forms flashed with varying rays;
Now moveless and poised, and now rapidly gliding,
Now darting along with a dazzling blaze.
Not that many-hued bow Heav'n's concave adorning,
When ambrosial rain has assuaged the earth's thirst,
Could such radiance shew: nor the splendour of morning,
Through the crystalline deep as rapid we burst

In scarlet and gold, with magnificence sparkling,
Intermingled with tints of a violet sheen;
And in amber's dusk hue, mid chaste silver darkling,
With purple's rich lustre reflecting between.
Or in armour encased, whose light beamed before us,
Sent from scales more effulgent than undrossy gold;
So lovely we seemed, that, round, rolling, and o'er us,
The billows enamoured our bodies enfold.

PART SECOND.

East way by our realm—where its confines were ended,
A mountain tremendous upraised its hoar head;
In the upper world placed, o'er us it impended,
And oft wrapped our empire in sombre and shade.

A glorious fabric in th' west was implanted,
The awful abode of a puissant God;
Such structure so fair ne'er magician enchanted,
With black wand of ebon or mystical rod.

For this was the far-famed Pagoda of Thunder,*
The beautiful porcelain Temple of Boudh;
In the east hem'sphere—th' most ravishing wonder—
In the five-zoned Celestial Empire it stood:
In the firmament high above the eighth story—
From the gorgeous roof whose tiles shone and blazed,
An octagonal tower august rose in glory,
Whose sides were illumined and preciously glazed.

From this tower stupendous nine huge chains were swinging,
Their ponderous forms hanging low to the ground;
Eighty-one bells of iron above these were ringing—,
Clanging horrid and deep, with deafening sound.
That terrific noise shook our wat'ry dominions,
And oft from our gambols it sent us and scared,
While, Destiny dreading, we longed for those pinions
That the creatures of air above us upbared.

A quaint copper pan crowned its roof deep and hollow,
Whose bulk measured near a full fathom around;
With a mouth at each side, aye ready to swallow,
Whence roared like the tempest a terrible sound—
The Thunder God's voice!†—the huge dragon expelling,
Sent by the Black Demon to devour and slay;
Oft have Foe's sacred priests from his cloudy dwelling
Beheld him rush forth, and the pest drive away.

But who can the treasures recount of this Temple?
Hid in a high part of that glorious tower!

In one place was hanging, a string long and ample
Of fire-repelling pearls of rare lustre and power:
And a string of pearls called night illuminating,
Another of water-repelling pearls too;
One dust-repelling pearls, with these light creating,
And o'er all a string of the relics of Foe.

With these wonderous gems this tower so adorning,
Were preserved an ingot of unpolished gold;
One hundred kin weight of the bev'rage of morning,
And one thousand ounces of silver in fold:
Two sticks of bright Huing, one hundred kin weighing,
Of rare precious stones, too, one string full and long;
And one thousand strings of that coin ne'er decaying,
The aye lasting physic coin too were among.

Two pieces of satin, of yellow so splendid,
Sure never was king clad in robe aught so fair;
(Could Ocean or Earth in their caverns unended,
Find jewel or treasure with these to compare?)
But more precious than all, unrevealed and hoary,
In one of those famed chambers silently lie,
The wisdom of ages now extinct in story;
Within that huge tower so amazing and high.

Far in an apartment of th' gallery of myst'ry
Were kept a copy of the book hid in earth,—
Of Omita-Foe so renowned in history,—
And of She-Kia-Foe of unbounded worth:
One copy of Tsie-Yim-Foe's volume primeval,
The account of the works of that wond'rous sage;
With the founding of th' Chinese Empire coeval,
Writ in undying fame on the world's mighty page.

This tower's circumference whose worth we're recounting
Was about two hundred and forty che wide;
In it were nine stories, together ta'en, mounting
Two hundred and twenty-eight che on their side:
From the highest story to the pinnacle's ending,
To the point of the roof that looks to the sky,
Whose gold-beaten tiles with the sun-beams were blending,
Was also one hundred and twenty che high.

Seventimes sev'n lamps in its inside were flaming,
E'en forty-nine burnished lamp-dishes in all;
Ten times twelve on th' outside, and eight, were aye beaming,
One hundred and twenty-eight dishes the whole.
These magnificent lamps each night were replenished,
With fifty kin weight of pure oil near upon;
Before their effulgent rays all darkness vanished,
And the stars twinkled dim whenever they shone.

And such was their splendour, that to the third heaven,
High upwards they penetrate with fiery flood;
Midway they shed a bright radiance unleaven,
O'er the people together, both bad and good.
The earth they illuminate, when shining downwards,
Yea, as far as the great city, Tsie-Khe-Hien;
In Che-Kiang's province, in China far onwards,
So dazzlingly brilliant is th' flame of their sheen.

On the top of that tower, high o'er the eighth story,
On roof of this edifice standing upon;
A huge golden ball diffused beams of bright glory
On the quaint pan of copper, and dazzling, flashed down
On the illumed tiles of the temple; and over
Burned below and along with glistening rays,

Seemed each golden splendour the Pagoda to cover,
And o'er our far kingdom spread a dazzling blaze.

This sphere it is said was four times the magnitude,
Of the circle crowning that prodigious fane
In Albion's land, in a far distant latitude;
Seated firmly beyond where rolls the third main:
That such country exists we know through tradition,
Have heard of their mighty pagoda St. Paul;
'Tis peopled, we are told, by a powerful nation,
Whose numerous fleets visit every pole.

In the day-time, this precious glazed tower beholding,
At the place bove where the gigantic bells hang,
Many huge rings of iron seem spirally folding
All its massy bulk, to the part called the Quang:
Nine of these mighty hoops the pinnacle cumber,
On their pond'rous forms rests the great golden ball;
Those surrounding the tower are unknown in number,
Their weight is three thousand six hundred kin all.

Mong these hoops, great and small, together so pond'rous,
The width of the largest are sixty-three che;
(Like a huge iron screw seemed this tower so wonderous),
Twice twelve che the girth of the smaller may be:
And sixteen pounds weight was each bell, ever clanging
With more dreadful sound than the voice from the gong;
Those nine monstrous chains, widely swinging and hanging,
Near two hundred kin weigh,—are eighty che long.

The huge copper pan, with two mouths ever speaking,
Weighs nine hundred kin, and is sixty che wide;

The Day-God's fierce glories oft from it bright breaking,
Would paint with red hues the Pagoda's glazed side.
Chao-Sieu is called the head priest of this temple,
His laymen—eight hundred and fifty named Yeu;
The whole of this structure's enclosure so ample,
Is sev'n hundred eight tenths and seventy meu

All hail! Kiang-Nan, province most celebrated,
This edifice colossal thy heaven but sees;
In the Emp'ror Yong-Lo's tenth year twas created,
"The abode of safety, tranquility, peace:—
"The beloved of Kea King, the dread God of Thunder,
"The magnificent temple of gratitude;
A divinity's work,—again then no wonder,
Should the like ne'er be done in ages more rude.

Thus girded by palaces, domes, mausoleums,
Of every height, and wonderous design;
For gold-roofed structures, and solitary kioums,
Every where raised their towers in this land divine;
On each side surrounded, and by cities bounded,
Roused by no alarms save the gong's thunder boom,
We breathed happiness sweets, nor knew that was sounded
The dread note of unforeseen dangers to come.

And oh! thwart the walls of our city when gliding,
Our forms were reflected with glorious sheen;
O'er whose plains transparent, on th' east side when riding,
Our scales flashed with silver and pearl golden green.
The west side when near, rays of scarlet and azure
From our burnished mail shot with sparklings of gold:
Two lights when at south from our armour at pleasure,
Their splendours combined e'er too dazzling t' behold.

For topaze was one part, glittering and burning,
In its beams stars unnumbered twinkling to view;
The other was di'mond, emitting, when turning
A different light and a different hue:
Rays opal and purple when northward reclining,
Joined their beams to splendours that streamed from each
breast.
—Thus emerald and pearl, sapphire and ruby, shining,
Ever vied with the blaze from each radiant vest.

PART THIRD.

One morning as wont, through our illumined region,
We gambolled and frolicked in gorgeous array;
Form crowding on form, and now legion on legion,
Threw their bright shades before with oft-changing ray:
The Day-God to ocean to bathe had descended,
And tinged all its waves with a far golden blaze;
Whose hues of dark azure and em'rald were blended,
With the beams that diverged from his dazzling face.

When omen most dire! all heav'ns doors were riven,
And thunder mid gloom woke with horrific roar;
From out their vast quiver its firebolts were driven,
Like serpents of flame darting swiftly before:
That portent, alas! was too truly a warning
Of dangers for us fate had hidden in store;
For in that lovely land, our last eve and morning
We saw, and were doomed to behold never more.

Mid the thick'ning gloom, and the rumbling artill'ry,
That burst with dread peal from the clouds' misty veins,
And rain globes that rolled in their courses unwearily,
Along the bright paths of our lucid domains:

While the tempest increased, and the heavens entire
Poured their boiling fountains in black torrents down;
A huge five-limbed monster broke into our empire,
And seized us unhappy, nor pitied our moan.

Then! then were we taken (disconsolate, dying,
Bewailing our lot and repining at fate;)
To a great ship, on ocean tempestuous lying,
In conscious vigour and magnificent state.
Consigned to a sphere—enclosed and encumbered,
By crystalline walls which each movement constrains;
Brought were we o'er ocean's huge billows unnumbered,
To this distant Isle beyond three rolling mains.

Strange customs and sights we have seen and are viewing,
Since in this far-off clime forced were we to bide;
Each day our sad spirits are fruitlessly rueing,
That time and that morn, when we danger defied:
(At danger who laughs, though nor seen nor revealing,
'T were well to beware of his stealthy surprise;
In the next yawning gulf his vile form concealing,
He may wait to devour the wretch who defies.)

When tempests arose, and the hurricane raging,
Sonourously rattled amid the dire din;
From discordant war 'tween the elements waging,
Had we fled from the peril, owning the sign,
To subaqueous halls of our translucent city;
Ne'er invader had seized us with violent hand:
Ne'er had we sad captives roused sorrow or pity,
Nor as exiles mourned in a strange distant land.

Yet fancy's bright glory oft heals our condition,
And bursts on our souls with a familiar sight;

Sometimes its gold beams irradiates our vision
And in thought we survey a country of light;
Lofty towers of quaint form, and gilt roofed palaces,
Cast their graceful shades in a transparent stream;
Domes of varied marble, shew their sculptured faces,
And porcelain structures flash with radiant beam.

And colossal pagodas, with tiles of rich painting,
And kioums with gold pillars blazing on high;—
But why should we dwell on a scene so enchanting?
When here we see other land where we must die;
Other billows encompass, are round us flowing,
Unlike the bright waves of our own native clime;
But though lost to hope we'll live on ever shewing,
A soul unsubdued to the end of our time.

"Environed with walls high refulgent and shining."

Most travellers in their accounts of China, its wonders, curiosities, and customs, relate that the nobility and royalty of that empire keep some of this, the most magnificent species of fish, in beautiful fountains; in their Pleasure Gardens, and in the courts of their palaces and temples, some being made of marble of various colours, and their bottoms of jaspar and agate. Some, again, are composed entirely of precious stones, gold, and of crystal; which, by the ever-changing vivifying lustre of their hues, create a gorgeous appearance, that gives pleasure to the eye, and wonder to contemplation.—Au.

* "For this was the far-famed Pagoda of Thunder,—"

This work was commenced at noon, on the fifteenth day of the sixth moon, of the tenth year of the Emperor You-Lo, or 1413 of the Christian era; and was completed on the first day of the eighth moon, of the sixth year of the Emporor Suuen Té, of the same dynasty, being altogether a period of nineteen years in building.—Au.

† "The thunder God's voice!—the huge dragon expelling,"

An account of one of the incursions of this angry deity is subjoined in the Chinese History below.—"Lately, on the fifth day of the fifth year Kea King, at four in the morning, the god of thunder, in his pursuit of a monstrous dragon, followed it into the temple, struck three of the sides of the fabric, and materially damaged the ninth story; but the laws of Foe are not subject to change: the tower, by his influence, was therefore saved from entire destruction. The viceroy and Foogan reported the circumstance to his imperial majesty, and on the sixth day of the second moon of the seventh year, the restoration of the damaged parts was commenced, and on the nineteenth day of the fifth moon the repairs were completed. On the twenty-ninth day of the sixth moon of the twelfth year of his present Majesty, at four in the afternoon, on a sudden there fell a heavy shower of rain, and the god of thunder again rushed forth in front of the tower, and penetrating the roof, pursued the great dragon from the top to the bottom. The glazed porcelain tiles of the sixth story were very much damaged, and where the god of thunder issued out at the great gate, several of the boards taken from the wood of the heavenly flower-tree, were broken. Thus the god of thunder, having finally driven away the monstrous dragon, returned to his place in the heavens. The priests of the temple reported the event to the local authorities, and the officer Heu submitted the report to his

Imperial Majesty, and awaited the issue of the sums required to defray the charge of the repairs. The gates of the tower have been closed for a year, while the interior has been repairing.

" Was about two hundred and forty che wide ; "

A che is equivalent to just one foot two inches of our long measure. It will then appear that the Chinese are expert at calculations ; they having at all times, in every case, to compute by such intricate quantities. This indeed, is a talent which the greatest portions of the Orientals imbibe. Such as Egypt, Arabia.

" In the daytime this precious glazed tower beholding."

In the Chinese account of this tower, tis said—The sum of money expended in completing the precious glazed tower, was 2,485, 484 ounces of silver. In the construction of the ornamental globe on the pinnacle of the roof of the tower, in weight of gold 64 pounds, 1400 kin in weight of copper were used. Each round or story is 18 che high. In that part of the tower called the Quang, were consumed 4870 kin of brass.

" Like a huge iron screw seemed this tower so wondrous."

I will subjoin Le Comte's description, as an illustration of this.

" The top of the edifice " he says, " is not the least beautiful; it is a massy pillar, that stands upon the floor of the eighth story, and reaches more than thirty feet above the roof, it seems to be wrapped in a large iron hoop, of the same height, in the form of a screw or spiral line, extending several feet from the pillar, so as to appear like a hollow cone, with spaces to let in light. On the top of this pillar is placed a golden ball, of an extraordinary magnitude."

" Should the like ne'er be done in ages more rude."

In the Chinese history of this celebrated temple, the conclusion runs thus:—" Viewing, therefore, this history of the precious glazed tower, may it not be considered as the work of a divinity? Who shall perform the like?"

" For gold-roofed structures and solitary kioums,"

Kioums are convents or cloisters, often very gorgeously decorated, and consisting of colonnades of fantastically carved pillars or towers, upholding cupolas of a curious form, gilded and sometimes encased in sheet gold, supporting figures of their idols; and indeed on each pillar, within or without, stands some god or deity There is a very splendid one in the Birman Empire, called Kioumdogee, or, Royal Convent.

" A huge five-limbed monster broke into our empire,"

By this is meant a human hand. It would have been altogether inconsistent with the general tone of the poem, and with oriental imagery and imagination to have represented anything but the ideal—the creation of the fancy; or according to Chinese thought, some dread monster. And as to its dimensions, to the fishes in their fright would it be magnified a hundred fold: hence arose " a huge five-limbed monster."—Au.

THE SEASONS;

Or, the Opening of the Year 1847.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

The Thunderer nods. Then swift in silent awe,
Heav'ns guards advance, the gates wide open throw;
Whose forms tremendous, slow, revolving round
On golden hinges, yield harmonious sound.
And through the open space, a dazzling blaze
Of light ethereal, spreads its lucid rays
Round twelve immortal, o'er whose heads divine,
Twelve radiant stars in spangled splendour shine.
Now through the east, with many-coloured ray,
Fair Iris comes, and greets the god of day;
The heavenly messenger, a silver gale
Bears through the clouds, o'er which her coursers sail;
Of Heaven's immortal race. Their flowing manes,
Of curling gold, blaze on the ivor reins;
Six glorious steeds, that draw her golden car,
Between the rolling main and ambient air.
In circling folds, where different colours glow,
Her robe proclaims her—Goddess of the Bow:
Advancing nigh, the radiant-vestured maid
The twelve bespoke, while thus her course she staid.
"Th' Almighty wills, you to your tasks repair,
"And rule the seasons of the coming year;
"Bid nature deck the vales with shrubs and flowers,
"And golden corn spring neath the summer showers;
"Reward the husbandman's unceasing toil,
"With grateful produce from the cultured soil;
"This favoured land with every bounty store;

" Let o'erstocked granaries confess your power.
" Yet, more! let peace within this region reign,
" And blessings rest upon each grateful swain.
" This wills the God, who wields the bolt and light
" O'er ocean's waste, and round Olympus' height."
The Goddess thus; then seizing swift the reins,
She gains her seat, and mounts the azure plains;
Her rolling chariot wheels of starry gold,
Flashed light refulgent, dazzling to behold.
Each heaven-born steed erects his golden mane;
With speed tempestuous drags the glittering train,—
High up the starry vault. Behind, before,
Thick whirling clouds of golden lustre pour;
And straight ambrosial mists of heavenly hue,
The vision shrouds,—which vanishes from view.
But now the twelve sublime, in haste to do
Th' Almighty's will, majestically go.

First of the train see January advance,
Armed with a long and pond'rous ebon lance;
Whose mystic might makes hills on hills arise,
With snow-capped summits, tow'ring to the skies;
Creates the glaciers, clothes the Alpine steep,
And strong impels the cat'ract's headlong sweep;
The yawning gulf o'erspreads with treach'rous snow,
That sinks th' incautious to quick death below.
But now the God issues his dread commands,
Bids the snow melt and fly to Polar lands;
Then through the spangled skies he swiftly sails,
And rides triumphant on the northern gales.

Next February, King of Frost, appears,
And high in air his crystal sceptre rears.
And lo! the ice, with venomed fangs, no more

Bites the vex'd ground, but owns the monarch's power.
The roads with snowy heaps no more o'erlaid,
Invite mankind, oft by their wiles betrayed.
The God now seen obeyed his high behest,
Ascends his car, and seeks the glorious east;
Where deep beneath the earth's foundations laid,
There far beyond the poles his kingdom spread.

Th' immortal third, the Tempest King, appears,
While in his hands four golden darts he bears.
Stern, haughty March! where'er or ice or snows
Appear, furious then, those darts he throws;
When lo! the winds unchained, rage o'er the deep,
The crackling forests bend, and o'er the valleys sweep.
But now Boreas, by his might constrained,
Rages in vain—he keeps each tempest chained;
Till the stern god obeys high Jove's behest:
Then rush they fierce, east, north, and south and west.
Then from his mighty arm hiss swift behind
The golden jav'lins, driving every wind
Above the vapoury mountains. His commands
Hurls them forth headlong to remoter strands.
With dreadful bellowings they soar on high;
Before their force the whispering zephyrs fly,
And dance in circling orbs along the sky.
Meanwhile a whirlwind of tempestuous might,
The god embraces, and conceals from sight.

With god-like tread, yet soft, his golden plumes
Glittering with dew, see! gentle April comes.
A brazen vessel in one hand he bore,
By Vulcan fashioned from Idœan ore;
Upon his flowing robes of varied rays,
Unnumbered stars create a dazzling blaze:

This way and that, he sheds the liquid shower
Of heavenly nectar on each opening flower.
Upon a gilded sun-beam rides the god—
Moistens each plant that decks the verdant sod.
With smiles benign he views each flowery grove,
Then swift prepares to seek the courts above;
Of heavens effulgent gold, his sculptured car,
Three lordly peacocks drag through liquid air;
Whose plumes of golden green and rubied light
Mid rays of purple, dim the fading sight.

The fifth and sixth, fair June and lovely May,
Through saffron clouds now bend their course this way.
Their hyacinthine locks, like wavy gold,
In rolling curls their snowy necks enfold;
Their flowing tunics glitt'ring zones confine,
And heavenly rays beam round each form divine;
A fillet of white roses, bound behind,
May's silken tresses, spirally entwined;
The wanton zephyrs fanned with wings of pearl,
June's ringlets waving; kissed each shining curl.
Within a net of gold by Pallas wove,
May bore Elysian flowers from Ida's grove;
These from her rosy hands descend in showers,
And deck the rural vales and woodland bowers.
See! marygolds glow everywhere around;
Of paler hue are high laburnums found;
Here different lilacs breathe a sweet perfume,
Here peonies and rhododendrons bloom;
Loved columbine and lovelier asphodel,
The last the flower the ancients prized so well.
The glossy pink, in velvet garb arrayed,
Clouds the green turf and spreads a coloured shade.
His lofty form, with varied plumage crowned,

The gorgeous tulip raises from the ground;
Behold what colours in his vesture glow!
These Iris lent him from her painted bow.
There richest purple, in bright yellow set,
Unites with scarlet streaked with white and jet.
With fairy splendours clad the pansy 's seen,
Whose radiant tints bedeck the verdant green;
When Sol flames on the sea with golden gleam,
Retiring slow from Cynthia's silver beam;
Neath whose nectarcous light so mildly shed,
The em'rald sward the midnight fairies tread:
In hurrying mazes rush their tinkling feet,
Keeping full time to music, soft and sweet,
From gay grasshoppers, perched upon the cup,
Each variegated flower raises up.
Once, when beneath the azure spangled dome,
Titania held her sports,—and all had come:
From Oberon's gossamer tunic bright,
An amethyst and sapphire took their flight;
A topaze followed; rapid from their height,
Upon a blushing pansy these alight,
And dyed with varied hues her modest vesture white.
With these unnumbered more attract the sight;
Obey each goddess, and grow fair and bright;
More—in the fields, the woodlands, and parterre,
Whose gems bloom, some in rooms, some with the fair.
Now turn thine eye, lo! dazzling, where afar
Of gold undrossy, rests their sculptured car;
Two coursers paw the ground, of heavenly race,
Whiter than Zembla's snows,—of matchless pace.
And harnessed and adorned with wreaths of flowers;
And flowery reins, await th' effulgent powers.
Now on the seat enthroned, th' immortal pair
Mid sweetest odours cleave the yielding air;

Snorting and tossing,—up heav'n the coursers bound,
And floral showers descend upon the ground.
The ethereal porches as they mount—divide;
And silver rolling clouds the less'ning vision hide.

But, lo! appears, with visage heavenly bright,
With orbs of flame and mail of burning light,
And glitt'ring locks of gold's undrossy rays,
Hot, fierce July; and dazzles all who gaze.
The hind and kind, affrighted at his ire,
To pendent umbrage rapid now retire;
His scorching breath drives from the hanging rock
To cave beneath, the guardian of the flock;
Sends buzzing legions, a tormenting brood,
To goad yon steed and feast upon his blood.
What flying myriads at his word arise!
See insects gazing with unnumbered eyes;
Illumed with silver, gold, and ev'ry hue,
We in Aurora, Sol, and Iris view.
Soon as he nods, what warblers mount above!
Or wake with melody the sleeping grove;
The reptile species even his power obey,
Glide from their holes, and bask beneath his ray.
There, at full length, upon that mossy stone
The lizard view, with brighter radiance strown;
The different coloured frog, with speckled coat,
The newt, blood-thirsty leech,—of meaner note.
And glorious here, adept in every wile,
With open throat, the snake in lofty coil.
While now the heaving lake, the river, stream,
And rivulet, flash with more lucid beam;
Urge at his wish the numerous finny race,
Who sport and glitter on the calm surface.
With sultry heat the heavens and ether glow;

The woods and thickets fresh luxuriance shew;
And mong the silken grass new flowers and flowerets grow.
But now July each place has travelled o'er,
Beheld new kinds and tribes confess his power,
And to ascend Olympus swift prepares;
While there, of dragon mould, his chariot glares.
Flaming its sheen, its eyes of burning red,
Its tongue forked lightning, furnace-like its head;
Its feet are solid gold, and gold its tail,
Sanguine each wing, and bright as glitt'ring mail.
Four mighty coursers, this of vivid red,
With manes and tails of fire,—of heaven race bred;
Whose hoofs and nostrils wide pour lambent light,
With force tempestous bound up heaven's height;
And whirl the vision from the raptured sight.

Of milder aspect now draws August near,
Who holds of wheat and corn a perfect ear;
A topaze coronet surrounds his head,
His auburn locks a radiant lustre shed.
These—symbols of the russet mellow year,
Whose fields of saffron store, wave everywhere.
Ruddy his hue, but with a golden glow,
Such as the sun-burnt peasants often shew.
Shrouds his bright form a robe of orange red,
With sheafs of gold and leaves of gold o'erspread;
While as he moves and beams benignant smiles,
The swain and lab'rer bend beneath their toils.
The shining sickle grasps each better hand;
And of the pregnant grain that clothes the land,
The left an ample bunch, strains in its fingers band.
When see! the crested produce gradual bows;
See! barrenness where late full ears arose:

The ready wains at after periods come,
And rumbling bear the welcome riches home.
Great is their pride, joy makes each bosom swell,
They range their gran'ries, and their profits tell.
A harder fate falls to the poor and mean,
Who in the shorn fields yonder patient glean;
Happy if fallen from the o'erladen wain,
Now here, now there, a straggling ear remain.
There meet alike the daughter, or the son,
The child — of Penury; e'en one by one.
These, typical of both his power and might,
August surveys; and far a different sight.
The Ptarmigan, by Northern native chased,
The Grouse, by Caledonian o'er the waste.
And more: above, about, and o'er the land,
His presence rouses, and exalts his hand.
His voice calls forth a different race of flowers,
And proud o'er all the gorgeous dahlia towers;
Stands in kind Nature's richest hues arrayed,
In purple, orange, glows, and vivid red.
Behold the sun-flower! King, August, in scorn
He lifts his head; his golden hairs adorn
His brows majestic, where in splendour play
A hundred stars, each star a visual ray.
When bright Aurora pearls the vermil skies,
He sucks the dew, and opes his Argus eyes,
Above th' enamelled beds supreme doth tower,
And longs for wings with Jove's great bird to soar.
Hail to thee garden King! hail bright Apollo's flower.
There amaranth survey,—this purple, that blood red,
One "Love-lies-bleeding," called by youth and maid:
But lo! the paths of Heaven now open wide,
His radiant mantle slowly rolls aside;
When from his loins outstretch two rustling wings,

See! see! he upward mounts, he soars, he springs:
While faint, now fainter, hark!—harmonious music rings.

September comes, in purple robe arrayed,
Where hunting, shooting scenes, are fair displayed;
Or here, inlaid with groups of solid gold
Of hares and foxes; hounds and coursers bold.
His locks in golden curls each other chase
Down to his loins; serenely calm his face.
Upon his brow he wears a jewelled wreath,
Bears in one hand the instrument of death,
That vomits forth quick thunder through the air;
Of whose winged tribes some die, some scape afar.
A bugle from the other bright depends,
Through which the Tally-ho the huntsman sends;
And shriller, merrier sounds to laughing Echo lends.
At his approach, amid the foliage glow
The various wall fruits, and existence know;
The blooming downy peach conspicuous view;
And next in size, less rich in down and hue,
Are apricots and nectarines, there pendent too.
Luxuriant here, shining with purple sheen,
In graceful clusters grapes are hanging seen;
From countless crowds the groaning orchard trees,
The prudent swain the power confessing, frees.
At his command begin the sylvan sports;
To fresh preserves high Opulence resorts;
Now with his canine friends through fields new shorn,
The game tracks cheerful all throughout the morn.
Upon the ground, with horizontal tail,
One foot uplifted, one stretched firm and well,
Each pointer stands, with stedfast gaze and mood;
And shews the crouching partridge and her brood.

The sportsman springs them and his presence scares;
The fatal tube upon them gradual bears;
Gleams the quick flash, when smoke his face enshrouds,
And thunder echoes through the moving clouds.
For us September now new flowers creates,
For our enjoyment brings us savoury cates;
With various kinds of stone-fruit bends the trees,
To grace the banquet and our palates please.
All this beheld, his mantle now he shakes,
When from the sky a flood of glory breaks;
Descends tempestuous down the dazzling height
An amber steed, with eyes of brazen light.
With rolling mane and tail of ebon rays,
While from each nostril lurid lightnings blaze.
He scales the rampant courser's heaving side,
And quick cerulean clouds the heavenly vision hide.

The tenth in order, with a smiling face
Comes now October, and HIS power displays,
Swift at his beck, red Nimrod and his steed,
And varied pack, to cover hie with speed;
There beat about the bosom of the fern,
In hope the sneaking felon to discern.
Soon the exciting "gone away" they shout,
And forth impetuous scamper all the rout.
Again—"hark forward! yoicks! tally-ho!"
And over hedges, ditches, on they go.
Now through yon little village flying pour,
And "stole away—hark forward"—deafening roar.
At last, with snow-tipped brush and high upheld,
Shining and sleek, the fox skulks o'er yon field;
When once more hark! they give the "view halloo!"
And risks all scorning, cheerily pursue.
And thus through woods and groves they urge the chase,

Till seized and slaughtered, Reynard ends his race.
The forest keeper, with the spaniel kind,
Now roam the brake, and hope rich game to find.
Lo! where before yon furze the pheasant stands,
His back with chesnut glows, with wavy bands
Of glossy blue or jet; with azure sheen
His stately neck; and now with changing green.
His golden orbs two rings of scarlet hold,
His purple breast is streaked with gleaming gold;
And when again it calmly swelling glows,
Has all the radiance of the blushing rose.
Gay amethystine hues adorn his wings,
His graceful tail in sober russet springs;
In shining mail his legs from end to end,
Are firmly sheathed; and these two spurs defend.
But soon those violet rays, that vivid red,
That emerald lustre on his neck and head,
The purple, gold, which makes his bosom glow;
Their matchless splendours never more shall know.
For, see him startled by yon rustling noise,
The gun looms fatal—vainly up he flies;
Smote in his pride, headlong he falls to earth;
The sportsman grasps him as a prize of worth:
With plumes besmeared, defiled with dust and blood,
He Luxury supplies with dainty food.
October's wish makes flowers autumnal grow,
October's mighty hands the forests bow.
His breath to yellow sears the umbrage green,
And lo! the leaves are dead and crackling seen;
Now on the gale, or rustling all around,
Or countless they descend, and run along the ground.
Meanwhile his robe, his wings, — of crimson glare
With gold besprinkled,—now expand in air;
Two foaming coursers of a golden bay,

His painted car drag up the ethereal way,
And snatch the god from every visual ray.

In green and sable draws November near,
And still more nigh, more darkly does appear.
So varying are his vesture's sombre rays,
That now dark olives, and now russets gaze.
No lambent glories round His temples play!
No light shines o'er him with refulgent ray!
His face is hid with clouds, with gloom his feet;
Shrouded his form, and covered o'er complete.
In either hand he holds a group of spheres,
And lo! in each a vapour dire appears;
Now at his word the monstrous orbs divide,
And gradual see the clouds pestif'rous glide;
In giant rolls they rise, unite, expand,
Thicken, collect, and hang o'er all the land.
In towns, the fog fills quickly all the streets,
The mist abroad the weary wand'rer meets;
The needy mendicant, but thinly dressed,
Feels its fell rancour gath'ring on his breast.
The citizen, in mantle and capote,
Sees it invade the channel to his throat.
Guileful it lures the chariot on the wain,
To yawning precipice, the heedless swain;
And strife and discord breeds, and blood and pain.
But lo! of ebon blackness, yonder neigh
Two rampant coursers, and impatient stay.
These drag his car, likewise of sable glow;
And smoke and flames from out their nostrils flow.
The god ascends the throne, they champ, they fly,
They plunge tempestuous foaming through the sky;
And seek with flashing hoofs the dazzling courts on high.

The last—December—see! approaches there;
His crystal mail emits a lucid glare,
Is adamantive hard, and rich with sheen
Of changing diamonds rare and emeralds green.
His locks are glitt'ring and of glowing white,
And gemmed with spangles of effulgent light.
A massive ruby's on his head displayed,
Formed like a diadem, with pearls inlaid.
A pearly lustre shines upon his face,
A pearly sceptre firm he grasps with grace;
Lo! this he waves, and sudden at the sign,
The hills their verdure hide, the trees their leaves resign.
He waves it once again, and downward pour,—
A world of hailstones in a sounding shower;
A snowy tempest thickening all around;
A rattling whirlwind drifting o'er the ground. —
Now earth and vegetation far from sight,
Is covered by a carpet glist'ning white;
The lake's broad wave, the river's stream, in vain
Attempt to roll, withheld by icy chain.
The groves, expansive woods, of umbrage bare,
Pierce with their sable boughs the freezing air.
The humble cottage on the lonely moor,
Its golden thatch, red hue, knows now no more;
The roof has for a snowy covering changed,
While round the eaves are icicles arranged.
In cities—lo! how dreary is each street;
The paths are veiled by falling snow and sleet;
A watery mist hangs from the sombre clouds,
And all the lower universe enshrouds.
Through this the lamps burn with a sickly glare;
Through this cabs, coaches, chariots, blindly tear.
And while yon lights create a dazzling blaze,

How merrily within the music plays.
There hoary, middle aged, and youth are seen,
But joyous all, to welcome Christmas in.
All these—true emblems of his will and power,
December sees; and now prepares to soar
To purer realms; meanwhile his coursers bring
His crystal chariot, and ascends the King.
Whiter than snow each steed, with argent mane;
Their hoofs are argent, argent is each train.
Now fierce they scale the clouds, they mount, they rise,
O'er golden mists the car tempestuous flies;
And splendour unsuffused o'ercasts the aching eyes.

EPITAPH

ON

EDWARD DAVIS DAVENPORT, Esq.,

OF

CAPESTHORNE.

Whoe'er thou art, approach with silent tread!
A virtuous man within this tomb is laid;
His tenants loved him, and his friends admired,
And justice followed where his steps retired.
To fortune born, he merited her dower,
And dealt out largely from his ample store:
As patron, sure! no toil his soul could bend,
Or cares entice, from those he would befriend.
A generous master, by his servants blest,

A tender sire, and husband of the best;
An upright man, who fervent praised his God;
He loved ambition but to dispense good.
A patriot true! but seldom understood,
And faction perished where his wisdom flowed;
All these, and more, spread lustre round his name,
His wealth increased, and multiplied his fame.
Such Davenport was! the wealthy should be so,
And aid, like him, on worth and need bestow.
For him the Christian's crown hangs in the skies—
He's gone from earth to take the glitt'ring prize;
For him the glory waits that ne'er decays,
And heavenly raiment of effulgent blaze.
Deplored as patron, sire, and husband dear,
His memory's cherished,—and his deeds lie here:
In future times, the pilgrim, struck with awe,
Shall read and say—A Good Man sleeps below!

NAPOLEON.

August Napoleon! to thy mighty name,
Does grateful France accord unequalled fame.
She and the world its startling sound have heard;
One felt thy worth and one thy prowess feared:
Great above all! o'er all thou stood'st supreme;
And minor stars shrank from thy lurid gleam.
Fate bore thee pris'ner to a distant strand;
Where brooding o'er thy wrongs thou oft would stand:
Far Europe heard thee from Helena's shores;—
And mourning Truth the First of Men deplores.

THE GOLDFINCH, CAT, AND NETTLE.

A FABLE.

Grimalkin once, ere morning's blush,
By chance approached a blackthorn bush;
When—straight a well-known voice she hears,
And swift erects her pointed ears:
Around her em'rald eye-balls gleam,
O'er grass and ground and lucid stream,
And soon confessed before her view,
A gold-finch stands, of gorgeous hue.

The prowler's stealthy step unheard,
Unwitting sang the jocund bird;
And poured abroad mellifluous strains,
Long echoing to the woods and plains.
Th' exulting foe the leap assayed,
When—swift her course a thorn-branch stayed:
The sylvan minstrel instant flew,
And puss wax'd frantic at the view:
But licked her whiskers, ground her teeth,
As, far she saw, upon the heath
Again descend the frighted prey,
Upon a nettle-brake;—and stay.

"Ha! (then exclaimed the subtle beast),
"Yet! shall you make my morning feast.
"Your wings are swift, but dull your brain,
"Or you'd perch higher from the plain;
"Upon yon hazel's topmost bough;
"But, villain! nought shall save you now."
This said—among the grass she glides,
(The grass before her might divides),
And bounding with tempestuous haste,
At length alights upon the waste.

But oh! she foams with wild dismay;
The hedge that from the orchard way
Seemed lower than would task her powers,
When near—upon a ravine towers.
But hungry since the peep of day,
And chagrined by the long delay,
Which, unforeseen, the dainty bit
Had rescued when so sure of it;
And mad, and raging at the sight—
Displayed before her in despite—
Of Goldfinch carolling so near,
Who safe derides, and feels no fear:
Regardless of the hests of Fate,
She'll try once more and yet him eat.

With that,—her force in one huge bound
Collected, springs she from the ground;
Upon the Torture-Plant dread falls,
But hark! she hisses, spits, and squalls;
With steps precipitate retreats,
And on the ground her members seats.
Was e'er Grimalkin so abused?
Of bit and breakfast so refused?
Was ever nymph of feline race
In aught so piteous, hard a case!
Th' envenomed leaves her ears, her eyes,
Have swelled with poison to huge size;
Her nose and velvet lips have stung,
And poison pierced her frame along.
With cries, unlike the merry bird's,
Her plaints she pours in furious words.

"Obdurate form! 'twas well to smite
"Who never brought you war nor spite;

"A stranger! who ne'er did you ill,
"And seeking but her morning meal;
"Inhospitable, thus to sear,
"With venom one whom chance led here."
Then thus the Fury of the lane:
"Assassin! and dar'st shou complain?
"What harm had Goldfinch done to thee,
"But roused thee by his melody?
"The dog, and tempest-footed hind,
"And ev'ry animal, save thy kind,
"And weasel, love his song to hear;
"And list entranced, and creep him near.
"But more! what injury had I done,
"That thou should'st rend me flesh and bone;
"And seek t' upturn me by the root?
"My body crushing neath thy foot!
"No!—if thou seek'st t' escape from harm,
"Slay life no more—no more alarm.

MORAL.

How oft mong human kind we see
That rage, that fell malignity,
Which, reaping ne'er the smallest gain,
Still urges to ill-deeds and pain.
Yet let not any so malign,
Be ever like Grimalkin seen,
To storm and rage, when once their prey
Should, like poor Goldfinch, fly away.
Nor when a victim they pursue,
In thought him wounding while in view,
Wonder, if as shewn in our tale,
Some power their hate makes no avail;
Tortures them with a hempen noose;
Keen as the Nettle did our Puss.

The following Poem, together with the Grenadiers à Cheval, The Battles of Wachau, Lindenau, Leipsic, &c., were not at first written for public scrutiny, but the Author's private use; and to adorn and illustrate a Napoleon Gallery, which he had then in formation. Therefore it has been only from the solicitations of many friends that he has resolved to incorporate it with this edition.

THE CUIRASSIER IN 1814.

On his bounding charger, see!
Yonder comes the Cuirassier;
From his burnished helmet, hangs
Low and free
An ample crest of black horse hair;
And his pond'rous falchion clangs.
Speed thou Cuirassier;
Ride thou Cuirassier;
And tempestuous may thee bear
Thy courser swift on those, who mar thy country fair.

His bright cuirass back and breast,
Securely guards from ball and steel;
Huge jack boots his legs encase,
And his vest,
Of blue, with scarlet facings—well,
Girds his form with ease and grace;
Valiant Cuirassier;
Stalwart Cuirassier;—
—Woe! to those who thy might dare:
Where war brays dreadest, ever thou art there.

Leather gloves his hands defend,
Impervious save to shot and sword;
Buckskins white conceal his thighs;
End to end
Great buttons brass those firmly guard;
While to view his pistols rise.
Dauntless Cuirassier!
Ardent Cuirassier!
Soon shall foemen see with fear
Thy sombre crest dire mid their ranks appear.

Halting now upon the hill,
How earnest scans he yon champaign;
Duty—forth! love whispers—back!
While his will
Sways country's claims and Marie's tween;
And the twain his bosom rack.
Loving Cuirassier;
Faithful Cuirassier;
Spur thee to thy troop with cheer,
Thy offspring and fair spouse are heaven's care.

Marie was the loveliest maid
Of all throughout her native vale;
He—a noble, high-born youth,
Whom chance led
To revels gay within the dale;
Where he then gave her his troth.
High-souled Cuirassier;
Upright Cuirassier;
But his sire more saw him ne'er,—
Enraged, that Lowly Maiden—sought his heir.

Constant to his choice, and true,
A Father's wrath he firmly braved;
Wedded soon in secret, they
Nothing rue;
While he to flee his parent grieved:
Soon they wrought up life's rough way.
How worthy were this pair,
The lordly youth and fair;
But matrimonial cares appear,
And others—after those seem drawing near.

So—bereft of heritage,
And early a fond father made;
Mid his country's ranks he moves,
To engage
Unnumbered foes who France invade;
And full soon his valour proves.
Warlike Cuirassier;
Ready Cuirassier;
Fame! into his Gen'ral's ear
His wondrous merits told, and prowess rare.

In Egypt, Italy, he gained,—
And Austria—laurels, and in Spain;
Where e'er France's armies ranged.
Treason, rained
O'er Saxony, with deepest stain:
But at Hanau, with th' Host revenged,
This brave Cuirassier;
Far-famed Cuirassier;
And the forces home repair:
But soon to march, and on th' invaders bear.

Early as the marbled east,
This day the warrior left repose;
And with ardour donned his guise.
While distressed,
His spouse and youthful offspring rose;
And him spoke with tearful eyes.
Beloved Cuirassiar;
Revered Cuisassier;
How enraptured gazed the fair
Upon her lord's majestic, dauntless air.

"Henri! (spoke she) mid the war
"Oh! think that Marie weeps for thee,
"And thy ardour dread restrain;
"Nor fierce pour
"On routed foes, when victory
"Has crowned our country's hopes again.
"My own Cuirassier;
"Matchless Cuirassier!
"Then shed I no lasting tear,
"Nor view in thought, fierce wolves thy body tear."

He spoke. "Marie, courage take,
"The might of Heaven defends our cause;
"And will bear us conquerors through.
"Now e'en, quake
"As nearer France her army draws,
"With hid fear, the countless crew.
"And mourn the bane of war
"Which launches them to dare
"Untried fields and climes afar;
"And those famed bands whose valour has no peer,

"Think the Emperor leads us, too,
"He! Briareus and Ajax joined;
"More by th' foe than Gorgon shunned.
"Oh! hadst thou
"Beheld him with unswerving mind,
"On Marengo's sanguined ground;
"Exclaiming it is clear!*
"T' Rivoli it is clear!—
"Mid night, on Danube river; — †
"Then thou 'd'st say, like Him, more earth cannot spare."

The warrior spoke, buckling sure
The breast-plate huge his spouse essayed;
And his mighty helmet sought:
This, sans peur*
His brave boy, Jean, with proud parade,
To deck his youthful temples caught.
Smiled the Cuirassier
At his ardent air;
Then to view his tresses fair
Beneath the casque enormous disappear.

* On the eve of the battle of Rivoli, Napoleon pored long and doubtingly upon the maps spread before him. At length, upon receiving fresh information from his advanced guard, he exclaimed—"It is clear! it is clear! to Rivoli."

† By this is meant the period during which, through the breaking down of the bridge over the Danube, he was cooped up with only a part of his army on the small island of Lobau; and where he erected those bridges declared master-pieces in military art, and which soon after first conveyed him and his little army across; and, secondly, to the victory of Wagram.

Sans peur,"—Without fear—fearless.

Soon in panoply encased,
He slowly spoke a sad adieu ;
Th' while she decked his plume with flowers.
Fondly pressed
Are thrice her lips of vermil hue,
When—he in the saddle towers.
The fearless champion, bear
Clattering hoofs impetuous, where
Waving their heavy plumes in air,
Redoubted squadrons wait, addressed for war.

Many weary leagues he sped
On boundless plain, high mount, morass ;
Till this eminence he won.
Firy, spread
O'er his ascending helms surface,
Glories from the sinking sun.
His crest of sable hair
The still void may not stir ;
High his charger's fore feet rear,
Its nostrils pour out smoke, and pricks its ear.

Ta—Tarantara ! hark ! see !
Thund'ring o'er the flinty way—
Hol !—yon trumpet's rattling blast
Rapidly
Bears him from the visual ray,
And the distance hides him fast.
A hundred conquests by him shared,
Hurl lightnings from his eye ;
Unrivalled combats by him dared,
In thought victoriously.

Give to his grasp the ponderous sword;
Once more a Hulan dies:
Destroyed 's again the Cossac horde;
Afresh the Prussian flies.
Shades of Aboukir, and Eylau, Mosqua, Wagram, Arcole!
Anew with views of victory impel his ardent soul.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE DESCRIPTION OF THE

TEMPLE OF MARS,

IN

DRYDEN'S PALEMON AND ARCITE,

BEGINNING:

"But in the dome of mighty Mars the Red,"

Dryden's great soul here burned with heav'nly fire,
And up Parnassus, strode with vengeful ire;
On whose high summits white with sacred snow,
The myrtles green and epic laurels grow,
The tree of Homer! grew in secret ground,
Long time he sought, before that tree was found;
He plucked one leaf, and if he'd longer staid,
Had woke another Iliad from the dead.

WALLACE

LAYS.

ELEGY

ON

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

Dead is the Hero! Wallace is no more!
The heart is cold once warm for Scotland's right;
No more may He o'er hills of carnage pour,
Nor will his plume again tower in the fight.

Born to inheritance but scant and small,
By birth, connected with no potent race;
For him ne'er uttered Opulence her call,
He gained through Lineage no distinguished place.

His genius early framed an art of war,
Adapted to the task he held in view;
His soul first roused the Patriot near and far,
His thund'ring arm their squadrons first o'erthrew.

His form alike was fitted to adorn,
And to uphold, his station mong mankind;
And though in Scotia's weal his years were worn,
What seeds of learning fertilized his mind!

Proportion'd just his visage was, and long;
Yea, beautiful exquisitely, and fair;
His eyes were blue; and piercing, bright, and strong;
Auburn, inclined to curl, — his head of hair,

The brows, eyelashes, — were a lighter shade;
Each lip, while firm, was rounded well and full;
Beneath the chin, — on it's left side displayed, —
A scar was seen, of such revealed, the sole.

For deem not though resistless in the fray,
He constant should elude the hurt, — the wound!
No! — when bright Vision stole his arms away,
How many those upon his body found.

His stature lofty and majestic rose.
The head and shoulders tower'd o'er ev'ry man;
He sunk! while stemming vain his country's woes,
Or doubtless had a mighty race began.

Yet though so huge, gigantic, was his form,
Its parts were modelled from symmetric mould;
Nor swifter darts the Lightning through the storm,
Than wont the foe him rushing to behold.

For so unequalled, rapid was his speed,
So fleet he ran, his limbs were so alert;
That when pursuing, none but on a steed,
Could him outstrip, — their fate shun or avert.

Unmatched with sword, unrivalled with the bow,
Unerring were his shafts, his stroke, Death hurled;
He rode so graceful and so dext'rous too,
Was filled with wonder all the Northern world.

But fled thy champion, Scotland, he is gone!
No more his port, urbane and grave, thou'lt see;
Nor list again in intercourse his tone,
So soft and mild, so gentle, kind and free.

In war, how startling on your souls it fell
Like sound of clarion, loud, and shrill, and clear,
Ye could, ye Lanark spearmen, proudly tell;
How then the Southron quaked with inward fear.

Or in the field your serried ranks before,
How stirring, deep, inspiring, his harangue;
When, rose a thousand voices' answering roar,
Was heard a thousand weapons' deafening clang.

Oh! like your schiltrons had each band firm stood,
Glorions to Scot's had been sad Falkirk's day;
His tyranny had Edward mourned in blood,
In shame had Albion, routed, scoured away.

Untaught himself in military art,
He yet soon vanquished leaders ably tried!
Invincible! what might could daunt his heart?
A matchless warrior! who his onset bide?

He sought not Power, nor object had in view,
Save to destroy, to break Oppression's chain;
Disdained the diadem while still in view,—
Chose famine, want, before vice-regal reign.

The Light of Liberty!—the Patriot's star!
With ardour this pursued his shining ray;
That, Victory's symbol! hailed him nigh and far,
And Tower of Refuge mid the desperate fray.

In chivalry all knights he could excell;
The force of six his strength defied with ease;
Yea, so tremendous, two like Bruce, as well
As him o'ercome, might hope t' o'erturn the seas.

Outlawed in youth, amid the woods he roved,
And there deplored his country's abject state;
Soon th' slumbering spirit of it's sons reproved,
For brooking tamely thraldom, scorn, and hate.

Oh! long shall Ayr his bold exploits recall,
Say how with pole the vaunter's spine he broke;
For ever shew the Southron rage and gall,
When smote their "buckler-player" dead one stroke.

But, roused to vengeance, on the chief they flew;
Then shone his valour! still they him surround.
Once more the most intrepid, fierce he slew;—
But ah! the hero treads no more the ground.

Scarce had the ruthless monarch Berwick ta'en,
And slaughter dyed Dunbar's dread fields with gore,
When from his forests sallied he again:
He burned t' avenge his country's wrongs once more,

As first from little streams great rivers glide,
Then rapid turn, broad ripple, roll, expand:
So gradual moved his conquest's growing tide,
Till burst it last, o'erwhelming every band.

Swift—with redoubled might, new art, new skill,
His followers gath'ring, th' haughty foe he sought;
The roll of Fame his acts alone would fill,
Those dauntless deeds so fearlessly he wrought.

In vain the warder from the turret gazed,
To his keen glance no force appeared in sight;
But hostile troops—the guileful midnight raised—
Soon Scottish banners waved upon the height.

Oft times was heard the sound of distant horn,
Now nearer, ech'ing through the forest ground;
They mostly deemed it came from wight forlorn,
Or woodman lone proceeding on his round.

The draw-bridge falls, in the provisions go,
But sudden—lo! the porter dashed to earth;
Each burden-bearer bristles up a foe;—
Th' assailants jocund, bear the plunder forth.

Sing, Muse! by Beg the dreadful conflict waged;
He Fenwick there with fifty e'en waylaid.
Revenged his slaughtered sire; he stormed, he raged;
His fury, ire so dread,—had Hosts not stayed.

In Shortwood, full fifteen his hand had slain,
And through the hostile forces sent dismay:
When with three hundred more rushed De Lorayne,
In hope to sweep him and his band away.

Ah, vain! destructive dire was then his shock,
As levin-bolt; their bravest slaughtering fast:
Sunk helmet, steed, beneath the thundering stroke,—
That stroke his heaving arm continual cast.

His friends with ardour—foes with horror—saw:
Those from his matchless force gave back anew.
One blow terrific smote to Lorayne's jaw;
This seen—with panic fear, the field they flew.

Witness by Lochmaben! where Greystock's horse
Him and his troop thought to environ round.
But numbers slain and Graystock, marked his course,
Where erst was Life, was Death and Carnage found.

But, oh! at Stirling how drooped Warren's pride!
What though with his the Royal standard waved;
The victors all resistance, aid, defied;
From their fierce vengeance, oh! how few he saved.

There! in the river—now by sword or spear—
By hand of Wallace, thousands sunk or died.
The flower of England's chivalry fell here;
Lo! where yon group, flayed Cressingham deride.

Just as high grass the mower falls before,
Squire, bowman, knight, before him disappeared.
His ponderous blade, clove with such crashing power,
Each warrior shunned it, each its vigour feared.

Alas! where glows his patriotism now?
Where strains his might? where neath him shakes the ground?
Now what avail his triumphs o'er the foe,
His feats, exploits, through ev'ry clime renowned.

For—motionless his vast, majestic form;
That force, those giant members—fixed in death.
First smote by Treachery! who fanned the storm;
Last by her myrmidon—abhorred Menteth!

But know crowned Tyrant; first of Edward name,
Vaunted Plantaganet—so just, so good!
Sunlike o'er thine shall shine his brighter fame;
Of thee posterity shall ask his blood.

Ah! vain we seek where despotism rests,
Where hate implacable and envy bide,
That spark of grace still firing Noble breasts;
Or by thy rancour slain, he had not died.

Thou wast to dare in tourney or in war,
Ere Wallace rose, unmatched through Europe cried;
Soon soared His fame—thy laurels clouded o'er;
Then sprung thy rage, thy malice, and thy pride.

Had'st thou by heaven been destined to *His* fate,
Thine were not peace, composure like he shewed.
His beating heart wrung forth thy stern mandate,—
Like him, hadst then, with psalter so long stood?

Though with inventive thought his martyred corse
Thy ruthless soul could mangle and deface,
Thy blazoned name shall Time and Truth rend worse,
Thy perjured chroniclers brand with disgrace.

While thou, who bore the glorious chieftain's head,
Oh London Bridge! be through each age renowned!
And thou Newcastle! who his arm of dread,
His huge right arm, saw on thy summit found.

Berwick to thee the other was consigned,
The mighty better leg to northern Perth;
To Aberdeen was the sole left resigned,
Oh, guard ye cities! guard those limbs of worth.

For he is dead! the Hero is no more!
And Scotland's tears descend upon his bier;
From wood to wood his bugle-horn no more,
Shall fill his bands with hope, his foes with fear.

Lament for Wallace! pour for him the wail;
Scots nor the world his like may view again.
His name with joy shall future ages hail;
His vict'ries, deeds, the numbers by him slain.

WALLACE'S SWORD.

AN ODE.

Hail! enormous, pond'rous sword!
Say! art thou the mighty brand,
Minstrels, bards, — a World's accord;
Glad! proclaim in days of yore,
Pressed Colossal Wallace' hand?
When as wont his plume would soar,
Eagle-like, each helmet o'er;
Backward from thy dazzling glare,
Recoiled like Ocean's tide,
The Sceptred Tyrant's pride:
Tumult! Shouts! Dismay! and Fear!
Each knight&destrier,* headlong urged, each banner, crest&spear;
When,--thund'ring through the broken ranks, the Herohigh in air,
Thy dreaded form a moment poised, then gave thy vigour way;
And cloven standards, helms, & steeds, were rendered for thy prey.
No warrior yet, could boast a brand
Thy equal in its might;
Like Wallace's! no giant hand,
Was terrible in fight.
Alas!—the Patriot-Chief's no more!
Yet echoing round sad Scotia's shore,
His Name still thrills with matchless pow'r;
Sounds through each castle, keep, and tow'r;
Then rests in famed Dumbarton's height:
Along with thou, dread blade! — Great Herald of his Might!

* "Destrier."—a war-horse.

WALLACE'S SWORD.

Great Orlando! poet's say,
Once possessed a matchless blade;
Which, when wielded in the fray,
Dire through helmet, corslet, shield,
Swift, disastrous passage made:
Durindana! soon the field —
— Such its name — constrain'd to yield,
Balisarda! too was famed;
Rogero's falchion bright,
Of Magic mould, and might:
Which, when portentous gleamed,
Struck horror to the bravest heart, who fleeing owned its sway;
And oft amid the turbaned host, th' enchanted steel held way.
The Paladin,—Albano's Lord, could once, Fusberta! claim;
And by Rinaldo grasped—to foes, shone a Devouring Flame.
Tremendous was the sword in size,
By Trojan Hector worn;
And such as none but He could poise;
By stern Achilles borne.
How vast the brand of Morven's King!
Meteor, seen from wing to wing:
Of such, the muse more may not sing;
Doubtful their fame. No clime can bring,
Sword, or brand, to mate thy might;
Who erst clove through the war, with Elderslie's huge Knight.

"Durindana. Balisarda. Fusberta."—For an account of these see the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto.

"Morven's King."—The sword of Fingal. See Ossian.

WALLACE'S SWORD.

Sword! — when Wallace came to Ayr,
By his side thy form he bore;
Witness'd thou the rage, despair,
That the Southron band display'd,
When their Jester was no more?
Many were the hostile dead,
He and thou so quickly spread;
'Vail'd them nought at Methven-wood:
Thy edge laid Butler low, *
With numbers of the foe;
Red! Kincleven, flow'd with blood.
But oh! what slaughter Shortwood saw, how rag'd thy gleaming form;
De Lorayne cloven to the chin; proclaim'd how dread the storm.
Like levin-bolt, the tow'ring chief, at Stirling urg'd thee on!
And banner, crest, & knight, and steed, thy force clove crashing down.
Yet thou! nor Scotland's glorious chief,
Could turn dark Falkirk's day;
One off'ring gav'st thou to his grief, —
The Templar, fierce Le Jay! †
Still didst thou pine to slay and kill,
Nor then of slaughter had'st thy fill;
Which, doom'd, was Edward's troops to feel :—

* "Butler low." Sir James Butler, an English veteran knight of great experience, who, when thus waylaid by Wallace, was in full march to the relief of the garrison in Kincleven castle.

† "Fierce Le Jay"—The Preceptor of the Knights Templars, Sir Brian Le Jay; who on the retreat of the Scots from the battle-field of Falkirk, shewed himself foremost in harrassing and pursuing them; and when within Callender-Wood, was encountered by Wallace, who slew him with a single blow.

WALLACE'S SWORD.

—They heard, and knew his bugle well ;‡
How soon ! what numbers hadst thou slain :
Driv'n by his mighty arm, War's-Thund'rer ! Dread ! and Bane!

Sword august ! of swords the Chief !
Comet-like, through Scotia's land ;
Though thy Glory was but brief,
Thou didst flame o'er mount and plain,
Hope of ev'ry Patriot band :
To the foe denouncing pain,
Carnage, wounds, defeat, and slain.
None, with thy dimensions vast,
May ever hope t' compare ;
In deeds and age, thou 'rt there,
Match'd by nothing, now, or past.
No more thy bulk of full six feet, huge weight, and monstrous girth,
Colossal champion shall wield, abroad o'er Hallow'd-Earth ;*
Not one, of this degen'rate race, could wave thy shining frame,
What pond'rous strength had Wallace then, who with thee leapt the stream !
Unrivalled erst, as thou art now,
And wond'rous through all Time ;
Thy name and History shall go,
To ev'ry zone and clime.
To think six hundred years have roll'd,
Above thee in that antique hold ; —
Shall Lucre's devotees be told,
That Relics, such as thou — are Gold !
Oh ! were a pilgrimage too dear,
To view the brand, the Sword ! of Wallace ! ! lying here ?

* The bugle of Wallace, who had that night returned from France, and landed in Scotland —See Life of Sir William Wallace.

† The soil of Caledonia, hallowed by Wallace's victories.

WALLACE'S ADDRESS

TO HIS

DIVISION AT FALKIRK.

AN ODE. Regular.

Knights and spearmen, lo! the Foe!
Who would trample Scotland low.
Countrymen! of ev'ry band,
Now the fateful hour 's at hand;
Oft have ye craved from Heav'n this day: defeat, or vict'ry won,
Will shew your kindred, wives, and babes, your shame, or vast renown;
And proud, shall Fame! your NativeLand! each son, & warrior own.
Behold, stern louring yonder, Edward stand!
Then firmly grasp each pond'rous spear and brand;
From hence — ye may not fly;
Ye vanquish — or ye die!
I will bring you to the brunt,
Only strike as you are wont,

Must we see yon Tyrant, — chace,
Kill, and ravage all our race?
Will you, — Scotland's honoured crown,
Glitter o'er th' Oppressor's frown?
Servilely, tamely, shall we bow, and hug the chains which bind,
Our land be peopled by a horde, of mercenary kind;
And we be hailed as Cowards hence, abject, and base in mind?
Shall your paternal holds, high barons, earls,
Receive a bastard crew of Norman churls? —

WALLACE'S ADDRESS, &c.

Then each prepare the stroke,
Your powers urge to the shock:
If you feel the Patriot's throe,
Ev'ry warrior on the Foe!

Men of Lanark! you are Tried;
You, I doubt not, firm will bide:
Heavy still 's the Southron horse,
And terrific in its course.
Then let each man his comrade's hand, grasp closely, tight, & strong,
*With steadfast gait; the Schiltron then, shall lightly jump along;—
Ne'er had we task so great as now, or odds, like yonder throng,
And archers, be not of the Knights afraid;
Stand fast! and draw your arrows to the head.
Here! will ye win or die,
Or — Dastards! — live, and fly?
Let not One! — unwilling — stay;
We are ample t' gain the Day.

Scots! forget not Warren's host,
Soon the field at Stirling lost;
How feeble was each Southron brand
Fairly countered hand to hand!
Where'er we met their roving troops, how soon they fled the shock;
In town, on plain, in wood, on hill, they sunk beneath the stroke!
Or on their march ta'en by surprise, how quick their ranks we broke,
Think of Dumbarton, Glasgow, Barns of Ayr,
Blackironsides, and carnage at Bradher;

* Schiltron. The Schiltron was a circular body of spearmen with their spears interlocked, and their hands grasped, each tightly by his fellow; and in operation it was somewhat like the Macedonian phalanx.

WALLACE'S ADDRESS, &c.

Macgregors wave the steel,
That o'er M'Fadyan fell:
If ye hate a Foreign thrall,
Highland! Lowland! charge ye all.

Scots! your cause is Liberty!
Yon vast army 's, Tyrranny!
Edward! hails you now with sneers;
Caledon! with praise and tears.
His vassals then each chief array; and first Sir John the Grah'm!
Sir Andrew Murray next succeed, and all of Lindesay's name;
Kilpatrick! Lennox! Ruthven!--last--Scrimgeour with our Sun-beam
While, forward in the van, your leader's blade
Your path shall make o'er heaps of hostile dead:
Should he — the Despot— meet,
This day shall seal his fate;
And our grievances and woe,
All be ended in one blow!

Ha! see, Badenoch quits the field,
Spearmen, stand! lock fast each shield;
Root to ground each glitt'ring spear!
Calmly move, and have no fear'
Wallace is nigh to bring you aid; be Liberty your cry!
See! Her'ford's, Lincoln's squadrons come, th'usurper dreads to try!
Now,—how they flounder in the pits; Scots, loud your foes defy!
Quick!—knights and warriors—draw each gleaming brand;
This day,—a Thunderbolt,—be ev'ry hand!
My plume shall wave you on!
To cleave yon standard down:
Loudly, pour the clarion's breath;
Forth! — to Victory — or Death!

THE MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW, THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK; AND RETREAT OF WALLACE. MONODY OVER SIR JOHN GRAHAM.

1.

From bespangled couch, behold!
Aurora rises now;
And quick with glowing fingers, wide
Her rosy curtains draws aside:
Deck'd with pearls, and fringed with gold.
While forth to Linlithgow,
Devious toils, and slow,
In feudal pomp, the flower of Southron pride;
That host which Scotland's might, so late defied,
As insects mid a summer's noon at play,
As snow-flakes, falling on a winter's day;
The blade of grass, that clothes the mead and vale;
Each yellow leaf that rustles with the gale;
Or glitt'ring star, that studs the Heav'nly way.—
As numberless — moves Edward to the fray;
So seems in men and steeds his dread array.
Nor breathes through Christendom a force, so perfect & so skill'd,
Ne'er Europe, troops saw like to those, now panting for the field;
Like some enormous serpent's coils, the winding column shines,
And hill, and valley, now displays, now hides its serried lines.
Thus o'er the uneven way,
Moves Albion's chivalry.
Tortuous, undulating, curled,
As if its length would span the world.

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

So many thousands breathing hostile sound,
So huge an army trampling Scotia's ground ;
Her offspring ne'er till now, beheld, nor heard, nor found.

2

All from the invaders fly,
E'en woman, child, and man !
Save yon few friars Carmelite,
Who with rais'd cowl, now bend their sight
Upon the varied pageantry :
And none of Scottish train,
In Linlithgow, remain.
While nearer see ! with deep tumultuous hum,
A monstrous mass ! the foe invet'rate come ;
And hark ! within the Town's deserted wall,
Resound war's clangour, and inspiring call ;
The bray of clarions,—of each wrangling troop,
The trampling noise of squadrons rushing up.
Anon the thund'ring sound of kettle-drums,
Or deaf'ning all,—the culverin's dread booms ;
While toss and wave among, tall, vivid, plumes :
There, in flowing caparison, proud prances each war-steed,
Bestrode by champion sheath'd in mail, & arm'd from heel to head;
From whose adorn'd & broider'd belts, long two-hands swords depend,
In each right hand, with nervous grasp, a pond'rous spear's sustain'd.
And, by other arm upheld,
See ! with full device reveal'd,
Their shields, triangular in mould :
Bright painted, gemm'd, and deck'd with gold.
Here,—note the helm, the casque, of various form ;
Enthron'd high tow'ring crest,—fix'd fast and firm ;
Of diff'rent kind and hue, oft seen mid battle's storm.

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

3

Th' banner, lo! of Lincoln's Earl,
Henry de Lacy hight;
That rich in silk of yellow glows,
And purple lion rampant shews,
Broad in heav'n they now unfurl.
On silk of azure light,
Here, with a bend of white,
Between two cotises* of purest gold;
A gorgeous banner rolling we behold.
While its outside, six rampant Lioncels
Extending wide, full to the gaze reveals;
Know, this belongs to Humphrey de Bohun!
England's high Constable! of fierce renown.
There, proud behind, see! Bishop Bek appear;
Whose costly retinue, emblazon'd bear
Broad pennons thirty-nine, and high uprear.
And next, commanded by the King, approach the fam'd & brave,
Who with three LeopardsCourant deck'd, the Royal Standard wave;
That of St. John of Beverly, aye sacred, — of St. George —
The last, white with a cross of red; and splendid now emerge,
Edmond's King of th' Saxons West,
Blue — whereon three gold crowns rest;
With fleury cross, five martlets,† — blue;
St. Edward the Confessor's — too.
The last, third Henry's fateful standard spread,
Emblem of War! to foes a constant dread;
Which, till resolved for instant fight, is ne'er display'd.

* Cotises—certain subdivisions upon the bend, of which they form but two-third parts; taking up no more than a fourth or fifth part of an escutcheon.

† Martlets—Little Birds without feet, used in Heraldry to distinguish younger brothers.

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

4.

Formed of vivid satin red,
It bears a dragon gold;
With sapphire eyes, and tongue contrived,
To constant move, as *if* it lived.
Foll'wing this with eager tread,
*Fitz-Alan there behold,
With all his vassals bold.
He! Governor of Scotland, was of late;
But now, a recreant Scot in guilt and hate,
With those who dare their country's rights oppose,
Gloomy, inexorable; forth he goes.
And louring there! to knightly worth foul stain,
†Brian Le Jay, prances mid the train.
Well may the cross before the crescent bow,
And slaughter'd Christians glad the Paynim foe,
When its best champions urge its overthrow.
hrough breaking stern that bond of Peace, all Christendom fast bound,
y leading Tyranny and War o'er their own native ground;
ut yet shall such perfidious wretch to future ages stand,
hilesear'd with wreath of fiery snakes, marked with the traitor's brand.
Now amid the knightly throng,
John De Soutre scours along;
And see! afar with tunics white,
How the num'rous Welch unite.
They, mostly know to fight mid mountain war;
Their sides the sword, their loins the quiver bear;
Which clouds of arrows pours, swift whizzing high in air.

*Brian Fitz-Alan. The late Governor of Scotland.

† Sir Brian Le Jay—Preceptor of the Scottish Knights Templars

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

5.

Heavily, with rumbling noise,
Move th' different cars along;
Hark! ominous amid the van,
Grate the war-engines—pond'rous train!
And now to the view arise,
There, suttlers' carts among;
Many, full, and strong.
Rearward approach th' attendants of the camp,
And, mixed with these, here other stragglers tramp;
Bowman and squire, and leader, noble, knight,—
Press on exulting—forward cast their sight:
For, glimmering from yon distant hill, behold
The hostile outposts, half in mist enrolled.
Anon th' impervious vapour clears away,
And gives to vision Scotland's firm array;
Or denser now, conceals from all survey.
Ah! vainly yet may Albion seek th' encounter to provoke;
A fog before, the foe behind, stern wait t' repel the shock.
Though thrice morenum'rous than the Scots comes the invading host,
Full thirty thousand men resolv'd, may long retain their post.
Lo! as oft th' attack they urge,
They again from th' mist emerge:
Veiled by th' impenetrable screen,
Nor Scot by Southr'n, Southr'n—Scot is seen.
But a brief space! and atmospheric aid,—
Yon mist—dissolved, then see each force displayed:
One eager to engage, one dauntless, undismayed.

6.

Off the clouds pestif'rous roll,
The sun's bright rays descend.
Say who of bulk and form divine
Proud strides in front of Scotland's line?

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

Tis the Man of Mighty Soul;
Wallace! the Patriot's Friend!
With whom can none contend.
In stature, might, unequalled among men;
The Dread of Warriors! Thund'rer of the Plain!
The Lord, the Guardian, of yon adverse power,
Their Guide to Fame! in need their Shelt'ring Tower!
Lo! as he treads, the loosened rocks rebound;
Beams firy light, his sword enormous, round.
His flashing shield like some broad lake appears,
Vast as a cloud his plume, like pine uprears;
Dazzling his form, as when bright Phœbus glares.
Behind, in four divisions ranged, are seen the patriot bands.
Four massy schiltrons, bristling fierce, & each determined stands.
The middle rank their lengthy spears upright and high sustain,
The next less straight, the third inclines, the fourth is lowly lain.
Forward lower still they shine,
Till they end in level line;
These last, with visage stern and bold,
Now kneeling firm to ground behold;
Should any fall, this steps and takes his place;
Each schiltron round presents a prickly face:
And like rolled hedgehog seems, or th' fiercer tusky chase.

7.

Archers fill each space of ground,
Between the schiltrons four.
Some,—islanders or Brandanes stern,
There,—men of Selkirk we discern.
All by vassalage e'er bound
Their varied toils t' give o'er,
And hie to war once more.

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

*O'er these the Stewart, Bonkill's knight, has sway,
And twice five thousand counts in his array.
One wing artillery and horse compose;
Red Cumyn, Lord of Badenoch, orders those;
And more than thousands nine shews in his train:
Meanwhile the other wing tells thousands ten.
The Lanark warriors there, the bands of Grahme,
And Murray's tenantry,—all known to fame.—
O'er them has Wallace rule, and ever claim.
See, wide before the Scottish van outstretches a morass,
Are nearer pits, replete with spears, each a fell lurking mass.
They're dug t' ensnare the hostile horse, innumerous & immense,
E'en half their host, whose troops frown o'er 100,000 dense.
Forward swift the Tyrant comes;
Ruthless, see! he scowls, he glooms.
Now chagrined, slow he rides away;
He fears, he doubts—th' approaching fray.
Oh, hail it chiefs! hail ye the omen bright!
Stewart abate thy pride, Cumyn thy spite.
To Wallace ye should yield, but lo! yare quick for fight. ‡

8.

Now sonorous kettle drums,
The onslaught fierce begin;
Hereford—Lincoln on his steed,
There scours along with lightning speed:
And his squadron headlong comes
With boom of culverin,
With tumult, shout, and din.

* Sir John Stewart, of Bonkill, brother to the High Steward of Scotland.

† Sir John Cumyn, Lord of Badenoch, chief of the powerful clan of that name. ‡ Yare—Prepare, make ready.

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

When dread, tempestuous, rushing all amain,
They plunge horrific on the Scottish van;
But from the line of spears see quick rebound,
And banner, squire, and knight, roll on the ground:
Or flounder helpless in the covered pits;
Nor these their helms, nor those regain their seats.
Confusion, yells, and discord, rend the skies;
Arms on armours clang, and wailing cries:
The shrieks of wounded steeds, their neighing noise.
But ah! the cavalry wheel round—lo! Cummin quits the fray,
And now upon the archer bands hurls Edward his array;
Who vainly strive with shaft & bow against the mail-clad throng,
And soon must to their fury yield, resist they may not long.
For e'en now beneath the shock,
See their foremost ranks are broke;
While hotly on with loud alarms,
Thund'ring storm the men at arms.
With crash and clang each squadron rushes on,
And ill most dire! Bonkill's brave knight is down;
Yet men of Selkirk pause—he dies wept by renown.

9.

Vainly on each schiltron front,
Still vainly plunge the horse;
Each spearman where his comrade fought,
With visage firm strong plants his foot;
Strength nor valour vails as wont;
Lance in resistless course,
Nor swords descending force,
Can cleave, divide, the wood of forward spears;
While shame and overthrow th' oppressor fears.
And mad with rage and chagrin, instant brings
His myriad bowmen; and who war with slings.

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

The first advancing come, each takes a stride,
When from the string impetuous whizzing,—hide
Heaven's concave vast, the black'ning arrowy shower:
Thich, fast as hail, huge stones incessant pour,
And rattling missiles bound destructive o'er.
While tranguil here their mounted foes await with loosened rein,
'Till broken ranks and horrent gap shall urge tempestuous in:
Lo! strewn about each phalanx round the wounded & the dead;
Still pressing to their shattered van, they stubbornly make head,
Though thick clouds of arrows fall;
And their limbs the slingers gall.
But dead Mac Duff!—*their archers fled,
By their own cavalry betrayed;
Exposed, unsheltered, to artill'ry's fire;
No longer steadfast—move they to retire:
But with a tardy pace, black brow, and eye of fire.

10.

As a torrent in descent,
So dread the English shock:
Fierce bounding, tumbling spearmen o'er,
The foaming destriers tramp in gore:
Scotland's lines are mangled, rent,
Or shattered, crushed, and broke;
Though late firm as a rock.
But desperate, lo! some cut a bloody way;
And join the Schiltron neath the Regent's sway.
The only troop compact, complete, and whole,
With quenchless ardour—still with dauntless soul.
This formed of warriors e'er with danger found,
In countless frays with Wallace long renowned;

* Mac Duff, grand uncle to the Earl of Fife.

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

Supreme o'er every band in strength and skill,
They scorn each onslaught, and await his will;
While now behind see Bruce and Durham steal.
Foes in their rear and foes in front, this sole remaining force
See no escape but to descend and cleave a doubtful course;
The chief resolves; & quick unsheathes his huge & pondrous blade,
That sword which ne'er its scabbard seeks until with blood o'erlaid.
Now with heavy spears before,
Down the hill they shouting pour;
And like tornado o'er the deep,
Through the hostile squadrons sweep.
Nor thunder falls with more disastrous crash,
Nor storms and winds more dire old ocean lash;
Than these tremendous charge, unstay'd,—resistless dash.

11.

From the foe o'erwhelming free,
The Hero bids with haste
To quick escape them and retreat,
While yet amazed with their defeat.
And the post fill, and there be,
That by the ford is bas'd;
Through bill'wy Carron's waste.
Meanwhile he rearward bides with band select,
To check pursuit, and Scotland's wrecks protect.
There! like the bolt of Heaven, with dire descent,
His mighty sword through helm and hauberk went;
Now cloven shields and shattered armour fly;
And none dare wait him—if they dare, they die.
Wheree'er he stalks, where waves his towering plume,
Still yawn their ranks—his giant arm makes room;
Some cleaves to earth, in twain he severs some.

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

Behold how Carnage strews his path with dying and the slain,
How few of the pursuing foe upon their steeds remain!
Still at hot speed a knight draws near, and taunts him to the fray:
Alas! why shorten a brief life.—Oh, rash Sir Brian Jay!
For from where he warring stood,
Wallace meets him in yon wood.
Ah! vain his skill, his fury's glow,——
Has slain him one tremendous blow.
But see, Sir John the Graham has death too chose,
Pierced from behind, when too far foll'wing foes,
Nor him can Wallace save, more dreadful though he glows.

12.

Now into the roaring tide,
Wallace and courser bound:
The gulf—horse, rider, stoutly brave,—
But stagger from each mounting wave;
Gain but slow the friendly side.
When dies upon the ground,
Weak from many a wound,—
Gory, and with the day's fatigues outworne,
And now as from pursuit the chief is borne,
The noble steed; while Kerlè* sad surveys
The hero's danger; and fresh horse displays.

* William Ker, commonly known as Kerlie or Ker-Little, was ancestor of the Kers of Kersland. He joined Wallace at the castle of the Earl of Lennox, and was with him on his Northern expedition. He was the constant friend and companion of Wallace in all his expeditions; and when the latter was taken near Glasgow, William Ker only was with him. They were both set upon while asleep, and Ker was killed during the struggle.—Au.

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

Now slow along the banks each warrior strays.
Now views the field of blood with mournful gaze.
There—slaughtered, stiff, with glazed and upturned eyes,
The strength of Scotland's late proud army lies;
And Edward's standard there in mockery flies.
But who with port august and bold, and sheathéd in hostile mail,
Approaching tow'rds th' opposing side greets Wallace with loud hail?
Alas! he is a kingly Scot, a knight, and Carrick's earl,
Yet scruples not mong Scotland's foes his banners to unfurl.
Lo! where narrow, rough, and deep,
Rolls the flood with headlong sweep;
Where high the rocks and crags uprear,
The Guardian—Bruce—near and more near
For conference come; the Patriot waves his hand,
And out of hearing instant move his band;
While stern he eyes the chief,—with dignified command.

13.

Bruce!—his form majestic awes,
His fixed and searching gaze,—
Who glows behold with conscious shame,
And inward wills, his power and name,
No more shall aid a tyrant's cause.
Still with a haughty face,
But falt'ring, thus he says:—
"I marvel, Wallace! thou should'st wish to reign
"O'er Scotland's realm, or hope its crown to gain;
"That thou, with this chimera still in view,
"So many dangers thus should constant woo.
"Tis hard thou findest England's king t' withstand;
"The most puissant monarch in the land:
"And if successful e'en, art yet so vain

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW.

"To think that Scots would let thee king remain?"
Here on his speech, the Guardian, list! breaks in.
"No! never soared my thoughts so high, nor do I seek a crown,
"To which my birth can give no right, my fame, future renown;
"I only mean my country t'free—t'aid a just cause you've shunned;
"While you, my lord, whose right is king, to guard the realm are bound.
"Tis this to do, because you fail,
"That while *I* live, I must, and will.
"Endeavour to defend that land, to serve which I was born;
"For which, if Providence ordains, to die I shall not mourn.
"But as for you, whose choice, alas! is to exist a slave;
"If with your life and fortune safe—than free, like me to brave
"The hazard e'en of losing all—your land, your wealth, your life;
"You! whose talents are enough to turn this desperate strife
"To glorious, universal victory,
"Remain, and keep what you esteem so high;
"While hollow praise from foes hides your enormity.
"But know, my lord, whom thus you aid in binding slavery's yoke
"Round the necks of your fellow men, now chased, oppressed, & broke,
"Will not that conduct long, in you praiseworthy deem,
"That they would in themselves, as infamous condemn.
"And if in rivetting our chains success you still should find,
"Will well-earned scorn be your reward from Edward & his kind;
"And execrations of th' oppressed, and hatred unconfined.
"Then pause, reflect! and if you have but heart
"To claim the crown, instant your right assert.
"With glory win it, and with justice wear,
"And it no despot from your brow shall tear.
"Neither of these can I; but what I can
"I will;—tread, and exist, and die—a Free-born Man!"

MARCH OF EDWARD TO LINLITHGOW,

14.

Uttered in a generous tone,
Determined, manly, clear;
These words the heart of Bruce* invade,
With all-deserved reproof displayed;
Who would now his thoughts make known,
When hark! attracts the ear
The ring of harness near.
And see: o'ertop the lofty ridge, of yon adjacent mound
A group of helmets one by one, which warn to quit the ground.
But while the earl the victors join, the Champion seeks his train,
And soon returns with troop select, to look for Graham slain.
There, with him Ramsay,† first I see,
Next Lennox,‡ Ricerton.
‖Lundin and Seton§ here approach,
And more of like renown.
Now Love and Friendship guide them o'er the field.
And, Horror! carnage heaps has stern revealed.
From neath a pile of dead, huge, stiff, and pale,
¶Sir John the Graham! sheathed in battered mail
One drags afar, and strives to loose the brand
Pond'rous, in vain; grasped by the dead man's hand.
Sad, Wallace views; and 'lighting from his horse,
Gently his arms upbear the honoured corse;
And kissing the cold face, thus gives his sorrows course:

* Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, afterwards King of Scotland.

† Ramsey of Auchterhouse.

‡ Malcolm, Earl of Lennox.

‖ Sir Richard Lundin. § Sir Crytill Seton.

¶ Sir John Graham, of Dundalk.

THE MONODY.

Alas! alas! alas! for aye, alas!
Sir John the Graham, ended is thy race.
My brother best that e'er I had on earth,
My ready friend when I was most beset;
My hope, my guard, and first in knightly worth,
My purest heart, and ne'er in honour's debt.
My faith, my help through peril's direst throng;
In war my Right Hand—strongest of the strong.

Alas! alas! wail Scotland for the slain,
Thy bravest knight! who ne'er drew sword in vain.
In thee, my more than brother, genius was;
In thee was vigour, hardiness, and might;
In thee was truth and ardour for our cause;
In thee was manhood, nobleness, and light.
In thee was goodness, virtue without change;
In thee was mercy, bounty great and strange.

Alas! alas! my country mourn thy son!
And Wallace cheer, now friendless and alone.
Graham! thou wast great cause set Scotland free,
Though I began and brought her Victory!
I vow to God of earth and hell beneath,
That dearly sold shall Southrons find thy death;
For me and Scotland's right thou martyr art:
I will avenge thee, or this life depart.

THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

1.

Around Carlisle rich banners waved abroad;
In burnished mail unnumbered warriors trod;
Chaste Cynthia's beams illumin'd helm and shield,
Pierced the thick gloom, and sword and spear revealed.
The sprightly destrier neighed and pawed the ground.
And Albion's royal standard stood upon the topmost tower;
The standard huge, of crimson hue, where lurks the dragon gold:
Omen of War! to foes portentous found.
While gleam'd about the camp-fires pale of all her monarch's power;
And mingled sounds of arms and men through air confus'dly rolled.
There with rancour Edward lay,
There, with thousands ten times ten;
Waiting till Aurora's ray
Pierce should light him once again
Hapless Scotia to invade.
For vindictive had he said,
Soon, for his sway despised, should sorely gall their chain;
Soon Scots mourn their resolve, in countless numbers slain:
See their country ravaged o'er,
Their wives and daughters ravished and defiled;
For their Champion was no more:
By his stern mandate captured and beguiled.
And never suffered yet a vanquished foe
Long slavery, torturing pains, and rankling griefs and woe,
As they ere long were doomed to feel,—like theirs, nor overthrow.

2.

Beneath a golden canopy,
On gorgeous couch, the monarch lay.

THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

Lay slumb'ring ; but unquiet his repose,
And louring gloom o'ercast his bending brows.
What mis'ries in those lips locked fast and stern,
For hapless Scotland might mankind discern ;
In that fierce glow what pains, what hate and rancour burn!
But lo ! with startling call, and lightning bound
The couch he quits, and glares,—with eyes ferocious round ;
When, instant echo to his harsh alarms,
Approaching human steps, the clang and clash of arms.
Quick ! Pembroke,* Lincoln,† Surrey,‡ enter in,
And throng the door and wait, without a knightly train.
When De Valence‖ —" My liege, why shout for aid ?
" Why stand you with drawn sword & search with frowning head ?
" Why menace so the air ? why have you left your bed ?
Then Edward to him and the mail'd array—
" Tis naught ;—retire—yet thou, De Valence, stay ;
" And thou, De Lacy ;—lend thine arm, Bohun !
" Now, Warren, thine ; and so—lords, sit ye down.
" And now, my faithful friends, let each incline his ear,
" And know how Edward's soul at last has met with fear.
"But pshaw, tis false! what should I dread ? tis all a troubled dream:
" Still it has awed me wond'rously, & all would strange it deem.

" With a feverish brow, methought through the camp
" I silently paced ; when behind came the tramp
" Of a destrier, urged with impetuous haste.
" And soon one approached, with a champion graced.

* Aymer De Valence, Earl of Pembroke.

† Henry De Lacy, Earl of Lincoln.

‡ John, Earl of Warren and Surrey.

‖ Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Constable of England.

THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

"He bore thy device, Surrey! pranced in thy mail;
"I thought it was thou, and gave greeting and hail.
"Yet marvelled the courser ne'er erst met my view,
"For it glistened and glowed, was snow-white in hue.
"He spoke in thy voice—'mount the horse, or behind;
"'My liege, I have ill to impart to your mind.—
"I sprang up behind, when flames pouring and smoke
"From either red nostril, the steed headlong broke
"(While darkness fell on us, before and around,)
"With tempestuous hurry forth over the ground;
"With spurning and plunging, with snort, champ, and neigh,
"Soon we scoured through the clouds, like a whirlwind away.
"We tramped and we bounded, on with monstrous stride,
"With the force of the hurricane furious we ride.
"Rushed madd'ning, raging, with terrible power,
"And swept over battlement, castle, and tower.
"Waving banners, like many-hued meteors, fast
"Skimm'd by us and vanished, or rose as we passed;
"We were borne o'er each vapour, or hotly poured down,
"We shot, we leaped over each city and town;
"Spires, turrets, and pinnacles diff'rently formed,
"Up sprung, pointing upwards, as o'er them we stormed;
"Rivers, waters, and lakes, flashed or darkened below;
"Now valleys and plains, trees and forests we know;
"Till last on a broad stretching heath we alight,
"Whose left has morasses, a mountain the right;
"And middle a stream, rapid, narrow, and deep:
"All not a league distant from Stirling's high keep.
"Then turned I in wrath (for on that fearful steed
"In a moment we came, and with lightning speed.)
"And on peril of death, the will of thy King,
"Demanded what madness had won thee, to bring

" In scorn of the majesty, power of a throne,
" Him with doubtful intent to country unknown? "

Here paused he; when De Lacy said,
I'm froze with dread surprise; and yet feel most astound
That when my gracious Lord, transported o'er the ground
By that false steed and form, ye had not quickly found
Ye basely, vilely were betrayed.
Or that, as soon the seeming knight ye greet,
When told to mount, ye saw not 'twas unmeet
For subject low to bandy words thus with his Sovereign high;
Or when the courser turned about from proud Carlisle to fly,
E'en from her massy impregnable walls,
Her royal mansions and her gorgeous halls;
Far from bannered tent, pavilion gold embossed,
And camp-fires glaring red; when crossing each outpost
Loudly ye gave not the alarm, ere beyond rescue lost.

" What! heard'st thou not," answer Plantagenet made,
" That our dreadful course earthly might had not stay'd.
" Our passage amazing,—e'en swifter than thought,
" That outstripp'd the tempest; a moment us brought?

* * * *

" As I gaz'd—faint and dim. now fainter, was grown
" To my wond'ring vision thy armour well known.
" The corslet spread huge; higher, wider each greave,
" And cuisses enormous anew I perceive.

Corslet: armour for the breast. Greaves: armour to protect the shins. Cuisses: plates of iron or steel to cover the thighs. Hauberk: the hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion. Habergeon: armour for the neck and breast.

THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

" Instead of ring'd hauberk, habergeon I viewed ;
" In lieu of a surcoat, a plaid many hued :
" Thy crest disappearing, rose shrouded in gloom,
" Broad—vast as a forest, a dark rolling plume ;
" This frowned o'er a head-piece where thy helm late gleamed,
" Which of ponderous weight, and capacious size seemed.
" A shield like the moon beamed effulgence around ;
" A sword—which to wield could no warrior be found.
" His bulk was tremendous. gigantic his height,
' Colossal his limbs, and seemed matchless in might ;
" Aghast I drew backward, then first felt dismay,
" When the phantom threw on me each visual ray ;
" Glared sternly with blighting and basilisk gaze,
" And dread lowered the features of Wallace's face.
" Ay, certes 'twas Wallace's spectre, I saw ;—
" I stood void of motion, of power to withdraw :
" With voice as when storms through, thunders doubling pour
" That deafened mine ears with rebellowing roar ;—
" ' Behold me, fell Tyrant ! thy victim behold ! "
" He said—' betrayed to thee by treachery and gold ;
" ' Say art thou not he who so ruthless looked on,
" ' While I by thy mandate was tortured and drawn ?
" ' Whose eyes gloated o'er me while quiv'ring I hung ?
" ' While living saw from me my heart beating wrung ?
" ' Whose rancour and hate e'en a psalter denied ?
" ' Which a subject bestowed, gazing on which I died.
" ' Who dismembered that form, one strain of whose strength
" ' Had stretched thee—thy bravest—with ease at full length?
" ' One blow of whose gauntlet, without falchion's aid,
" ' Had crushed through thy armour and dying thee laid ?
" ' Down, down with that diadem reeking with gore ;
" ' This night the Eternal wills thy days are o'er ? '

" And to the earth instant he England's crown hurled,
" Which bounded and rolled till in waves it was whirled.
" Exulting! the form spake again :—' Edward, know,
" ' Are emblems those waves of a host's overthrow
" ' And thy sunken crown, for ere long by that flood
" ' O'er England shall Scotland ride—conq'ring in blood:
" ' E'en there shall the Bruce triumph over thy son,
" ' Shall o'ercome thy squadrons, shall blast thy renown.
" ' And I this to shew thee have come from my grave!
" ' I lured thee—shalt see it—think now thee I have."

Once more the monarch paused; and all amazed
Each listener sate—he wonder'd and he gazed.
At last De Warren, with an anxious look
Thrice raised, thrice shook his head, and thus he spoke:
" ' I marvel not, my liege, fear chained your wonted force,
" ' For oft through bloody fields I've marked his wasting course;
" ' At Stirling, when beguiled by Fate,
" ' My banners forward in array I set;
" ' And found, though strong, all aid too late,
" ' And soon from him deserved destruction met.
" ' Then saw I him from far with falchion huge down mow
" ' Helm after helm, knight, steed, in one dread overthrow.
" ' For never warrior yet could counter him as foe.
" ' If then while mortal he so dire was known,
" ' To view him ghostly robed ye terrors well might own.

" The monarch continued—" Mine eyes I turned round,
" The enemy's forces had covered the ground.
" By the marge of that stream they dug guileful pits deep
" Those filled with sharp stakes, the horse off to keep.
" While all were spread over with turf and with heath,
" Concealing the gulf yawning fatal beneath.

THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

" Towards Stirling I gazed, when scoured over the plain
" From her turreted hold a warrior train.
" The banner of Clifford waved 'mong the proud throng,
" De Clifford (I marked him) fierce led them along:
" There in full armour shod, knights on destriers pranced,
" On helmet, on casque, crests rose and plumes danced;
" They were all men-at-arms—men of valour and worth,
" And fired by past conquests rode dauntlessly forth.
" Meanwhile from the Scots came a body of horse,
" And a troop of those spearmen so stern in their course;
" These headed by Randolph pressed swift to the fray;
" While behind, under Douglas, stood other array.
" The Douglas I knew by his size—monstrous grown;
" And armour of jet,—hence as Black Douglas known.
" The phantom now cried " Wallace will be avenged;
" ' See! how skilful the army of Freedom's arranged;
" ' Survey that white palfrey, more fit for the fair
" ' Than the pond'rous champion it now toils to bear.
" ' That champion is Bruce, o'er all Scotland the King!
" ' O'er whose crest hovers Victory, fanning each wing.
" ' Ah, Bohun! pause in time—he comes—'tis too late;
" ' He darts to destruction! see! driven by Fate."
" Startled by that fierce tone, I threw far my glance,
" And saw Henry de Bohun* couching his lance:
" He bestrode a war-steed of most towering size—
" Already in thought grasped the foe as his prize.
" But too strong the quarry;—calm, watchful, he stayed,
" Aside turned the palfrey, his battle-ax swayed;
" Firm stood in his stirrups,—the knight drove amain,—
" With one dreadful blow Bruce him clove to the chin.

* Sir Henry de Bohun, a knight of the family of Hereford.

As spiritless ;—thy
To urge the fight ;
When after Cannæ, Ha
O'er Rome hung t
Solo, mildly paced :
Nor, 'gainst thy Consu
Who bade—forsak
And when he died,

Now on the hills e
That dread perpet
And thee to lure
In vain : Them foll'w
Still shunned the
Weakened his hos
Nor Centumvir, forceu
Them named Fare
To slay. the Ma
But
Have, Maximus,
—announced

Long had Cunct
And distant lou
Who o'er new
When Cannæ by an
Plunged thro
And on to Mo
Now
This match
Through
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" Marcus

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THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

That terrible blow snapt the tough ashen pole,
And the blade remained stuck in the warrior's skull.
Now battle's harsh bray rose with horrible din;
Hot! to the meleé Scot, Anglian, stormed in:
Lance clashed against lance, or crashed in the course,
Arms clanged on armour, sprang horse upon horse;
Knight on knight rushing, stroke mixing with stroke;
These echoed like thunder, those hardest steel broke.
†Capleyne, helm, soared through air, and rung on the plain;
In heaps stood the warring, the wounded, and slain.
" And now Randolph's lines had been forced, or o'erthrown,
" But Douglas flew where, looked the Bruce calmly on;
" When! swift at whose word, with target and spear,
" He rushed to aid Randolph, with vig'rous career;
" Who joyful beheld, and inspired with fresh hope,
" Anew fought his band, more determined bore up.
" And oh! shame to chivalry, all Knightly worth,
" They Clifford drove routed triumphantly forth.
" Then! as chagrin o'ercame me, my eyes gloom o'ercast;
" Remembrance had vanished, forgot was the past:
" My brain was confused, in a trance down I fell;
" And lay till fair Light removed Gloom's ebon veil,
" I awoke, started up, gazed round, rubbed my eyes;
" Chill siezed on my limbs; over head with surprize,
" I view'd umbrage waving, instead of a tent;
" Then mem'ry recalled, where I was, how I went:
" The spectre of Wallace! whose form would appear,
" I dreaded again; should again see it near.
" Then round slowly scanned, to look up I scarce dared;
" First aghast saw those ayes that blightingly glared;

Capleyne. A steel or iron hat, prevented from turning round when, struck by cords which fastened it to the shoulders.

THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

" And the whole monstrous shade to sight gradual grew,
" With aspect like erst, and like panoply too.
" With the same rolling plume, shining pond'rous blade,
" And helmet enormous; the same varied plaid.
" In my ear-caves once more, burst that voice's dread boom,
" And sounded in mock'ry " ' come, glorious King ! come;
" ' Lo ! thy Son-Successor comes battle to wage,
" ' And Scotland and Freedom, there, pant to engage.
" ' With carnage red-blotted, survey now yon plain,
" ' Those corsers last eve were De Clifford's proud train;
" ' The horse who last eve were destroyed in thy sight;
" ' For know that thy trance hath outlasted a night.
" ' To day will Time cut the thread of Clifford's life,
" ' This day will he perish and fall in the strife;
" ' His country and Wallace this day avenged be;
" ' Thou shalt witness thy choicest, discomfited flee.
" ' I with Vict'ry shall lead Scotland conq'ring on,
" ' I vict'ry shall shout when thy masses are down;
" ' Thou here must abide,—survey England's defeat,—
" ' Though holding her aid; sealed to ground are thy feet.
" Thus, thus he spoke, and instant strode,
" To where that little river flow'd;
" Sadly I gazed, but earth-locked there,
" Vain to our ranks strove to repair.
" Meanwhile in order o'er the field,
" Anew flashed helmet spear and shield.
" Waved proudly here three leopards gold;
" A lion red, they there unrolled.
" The Scots right flank the hill enclosed,
" And by their left the bog reposed;
" While Bannock lined their main along:
" They counted thirty thousand strong.

But yonder the unwieldly foe,
Can full one hundred thousand shew;
Drawn up athwart the hostile force,
Ranged so as to impede their course.
See! to vanguard issuing now,
Down kneeling low, Scots rev'rend bow:
This—my Son, second Edward views,
And cries "lo! he submits—he rues;
"He fears the ire of England's King,
See captive comes his host to bring;
But answered some among his train,
"My Liege from thoughts like these refrain;
"Tis true they kneel, but not to Man!
"To us, nor any kingdom's ban;
"From our array they will not flinch,
"Firm there they'll bide nor budge an inch;
"'And should we march across yon plain,
"'It will be o'er their bodies slain."
"Here he made end, and scarce had done,
"When they from earth leapt one by one.
"With burning ardour siezed their arms,
"And fill'd the welkin with alarms.
"Bristled with forward spears, their front;
"And shield to shield they wait the brunt.
"When wanting skill, untried and young,
"My squadrons Gloster on them flung.
"But reeling o'er the covered pits,
"Each knight his mangled steed scarce sits;
"In troops confused, in tumult tossed,
"Their ranks were broke, their order lost.
"Would banner, casque ascend anon,
"Wave wild, or now drop sudden down;

THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

" Resounded snort, and shriek, and neigh,
" The shout, the roar, the clarion's bray;
" Was naught but rout and hurry seen,
" Nought heard but clangour, noise and din.
" And soon as erst my soul divined,
" Pushed those before, who drove behind:
" 'Till parting, mixing, all the line
" Is vanquished; ere the battles join.
" Before this rolling, plunging mass,
" Anew could form their ranks, alas!
" The cavalry of Douglas rush'd,
" With ease their stoutest squadrons crush'd,
" And instant from the Scottish bows
" Dark the arrowy tempest rose.
" With fangs of steel keen gnawed their breasts,
" Their loins and limbs, and plumy crests;
" Some burst the throng, and desp'rate grown,
" The Scottish front plunge madly on;
" But met by their projecting spears,
" Man, horse, and pennon disappears.
" While slain and wounded strew the ground,
" Or scour dismayed the plain around.
" Others, when fiercely they assailed,
" Were on the pointed stakes impaled;
" Or though in armour sheathed of proof,
" Shattered neath rampant war-steeds hoof;
" That bounded hills of slaughter o'er,
" With fetlock reeking red with gore.
" And as through foes it raging broke,
" From either nostril breathed hot smoke.
" But darker now the archers pour,
" The feath'ry missiles shower on shower.

THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

" And while thus dire the combat bled,
" Displayed I saw the phantom dread;
" Which with one stride prodigious gained,
" The gap that 'tween both hosts remained.
" That mighty sword its right hand held,
" The left sustained th' enormous shield:
" Then waving high, the Scots us on
" He urged, though then we were o'erthrown;
" And raising up the shining brand,
" The horrid shade assails our band.
" Now ruthless through whole squadrons mows,
" And where it stalks, there slaughter grows.
" All backward shrink and quit their posts—
" Each gleaming stroke would smite a host.
" And earl and baron, knight and squire,
" Unwilling yield, or swift retire:
" While soon down trampled, hewn, destroyed,
" Scampered tumultuous England's pride!
" Then glad the foe with deafening shout
" Thundered behind the flying rout.
" When, first pursued with with'ring hail,
" Gaunt Douglas, in his sable mail;
" And where most carnage piled the ground,
" Horrific there! was slaught'ring found.
" Mid thickest throngs his sword made room;
" The bravest shunn'd his form of gloom:
" Still viewed I many a warrior fight;
" For honour long and England's right;
" More than one knight, whose sweeping blade
" Awhile the tide of conquest stay'd;
" Beheld De Twenge with raging force,
" For a brief space repel the horse.

" And Umfraville oft breaking in,
" Was slaying all before him seen;
" But as the torrent rushing forth,
" Sweeps from its path the rocking earth;
" So all the flower of our array,
" Were driven from the field away.
" Their fatal, sad, disastrous flight,
" Confessed before each army's sight;
" Our foot, their wonted courage fled,
" And rearward oft they turned their head.
" Thick and more thick the arrowy sleet,
" The horsemen sheathed in mail complete,
" Athwart, their lines destructive drove;
" Which vainly gainst the ruin strove.
" Then viewing on the mountains brow,
" With standards spread another foe,
" Prepare to fall upon their flank;
" Quick terror flew through every rank
" And Cambrian, Anglian, disappear;
" All stricken with a panic fear.
" Then like the wind, impetuous sprung,
" Th' exulting Scots; and slaughtering hung.
" Upon their track; remorseless flew,
" And foll'wing still, the hindmost slew.
" Thick lay the bodies of the slain;
" The slaughter covered all the plain:
" Stretched from where Edward fled —Dunbar,
" To Berwick, ninety miles afar.
" While booty, spoils,—immense were ta'en;
" Such as may Scots ne'er see again.
" While with sorrow I mourned over Albion's woe,
" Robed by Horror! before me the spectre I know:

THE VISION OF EDWARD THE FIRST.

" His mail that gleamed dazzling the battle before,
" From the teeth to the foot was now red with gore.
" On that terrible brand, in letters of blood,
" Vivid while I perused, these characters stood :—
" ' See, King ! yon huge army dispersed and o'erthrown—
" ' For Falkirk's dark slaughter this day will atone :
" ' Revenged now is Wallace ; his country is free !—
" ' This night thou to judgment art coming with me."
" Then seemed the dread form to my wondering eyes
" In height to increase, till it towered to the skies ;
" And gradually faded that mail's crimson glare,
" While his limbs beaming radiance were heavenly fair.
" Dim, paler it grew, as it glided away,
" And swift vanished into the far distant grey.
" I strove to abandon the ominous ground,
" When I woke with a shriek,—as leaders ye found.

He ended, paused, and gazed with vacant look :
While awe-struck, musing, none the silence broke.
Low on his bosom bowed his sickly head ;—
They gazed, approached, and started back with dread :
*The Vision then was truth—at last was Edward dead.

* Edward sickened and died at Carlisle, upon the eve of his second great expedition into Scotland.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

Oh, thou! o'er earth, o'er heaven supreme—
Lord of all worlds! of glory king!
Whose smile benign or frown alternate bring
Joy to mankind & pain; in whom all being, life, aye spring:
First! last! thy power and praise the theme
Of mortal and immortal all, in joint accord.
Almighty! highest! dread—unbounded—name:
Omnipotent! Omniscient! Omnipresent God!
Israel's Jehovah! Great I am! and Light! and Word!
Whose awful gaze the deepest caves beholds of ocean vast;
And, turning, all the universe sees dazzling broad.
Who at one space Chimb'razo shrouds, dark Sah'ra's gloomy waste;
Now on the South Sea moves, o'er Greenland's spangled road:
And knows each thought, each wish—if scorn'd, if yet adored.
Thy might, mysterious nature, and thy praise,
Oh how may son of man proclaim!
With earthly tongue, with earthly lays?
Though first the glory, first the fame,
On song triumphal thus thy worth to raise;
In ev'ry clime, through endless days.
Art—skill—the theme avoids;
The theme my numbers hides
Beneath its bright insufferable blaze.;
Harsh is the mortal lyre—
Ode, epopee retire;
Back reel the *steeds of fire!*
My soul no more its wonted strength retains;
While vanquished from th' essay shrink all terrestrial strains.

* Chimborazo—one of the largest volcanos of the Andes.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

Was nought till thou Supernal Essence will'd ;
Soon from inert dark chaos rose created heaven and earth.
Stood o'er stupendous mountain height huge crag & mountain piled,
The glebe with waving woods & vales, with flow'rs & flow'rets smiled,
And air bore myriads by thy wisdom skill'd.
Yea, instinct—guided with life's current fill'd
Of radiant plume, of varied form, birds soared & sang their birth ;
Each insect then expanded first its gay and downy wings :
One—grave and chaste—of modest sober hue ;
This—decked with silv'ry spots—and azure blue ;
And that with scarlet, purple rays, adorned with specks & rings.
Or with metallic light—
Aye gorgeous vivid bright ;
Or flashing, kindling, seems
Gold-marked, all golden gleams.
And o'er it all along, has Iris spread her beams.
While every river, torrent, stream—terrene,
Heaved to its surface countless tribes, of scaly glitter sheen ;
And bore beneath unnumbered shoals, by mortal eye ne'er seen.
Through forest, jungle, brake,
Darted the wily snake ;
In noxious multitudes—the serpent tribe were found :
Amid the fierce noontide,
They basking tranquil 'bide ;
With variegated skins, coil'd in a spiral round.
Some with streaks, and tints in clusters,
Sprinkled and immingled with spangles and gold ;
Some with every colour lustrous
Reflecting and sparkling magnific t' behold.
Thus more than man could count, existence they begun
Impelled by an intelligence, a Power ! a Might ! unknown ;
A Being—th' First—Unbounded ! Dread ! most Potent, &—The One

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

With more unnumbered tribes—more num'rous still,
As swift thy Sovereign will,
Bade the enormous seas majestically roll;
Instant through th' saline,
Unwieldy pond'rous, great, vast, heavy; some kind feel
Their course from th' Torrid blaze forth to the frigid Pole:
Some from thence again
To sport neath fervid skies, as eager backward steal.
Then from depths profound ascending,
Measureless in bulk extending,
Through waves tumultuous Krakens* upward toss'd
Their curling arms; and far th' expanse was lost,
Hid by their swaying forms:
†Huge, the Python of the Ocean,
Went with undulating motion;
With head erect and endless stretching train;
With mighty glitt'ring orb, and shaggy mane,
That rais'd the brine in storms.
The monstrous species of Cetacea‡ rose.
In these Warm blood—blood of Mammalia flows;
Nor theirs a piscatorian strain:
Prodigious in the frozen main,
Roamed dread the greater ||Rorqual and the less;
There—Greenland's known Leviathan:
The first wise seamen shun;

* Krakens. For a description of this monster see the volume on "Marine Amphibiæ," in the series of the Naturalist's Library.

† The Sea Serpent. See the same volume.

‡ Cetacea—the whale species.

||The Great Northern Rorqual, commonly called the Razor-back.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

For ever doubtful, perilous, the chase;
And worthless e'en when won.
By his rising school fast followed,
Spermacetti roared and wallowed;
High upraised his blunted nose,
Or breached or crashed his jaws,
A snowy mass Beluga * darted on;
In grey or yellow hide, with iv'ry horn
‡Narwhalus—skate and turbot gorging down,
A grateful prey—glowed a Sea-Unicorn.
Here in more sultry waves,
Grim his grinning teeth with rags of flesh and gore;
Omen of horror! Ruthless lurked beneath
The shark‖; whose swiftness braves
E'en a vessel's speed, and fleeter—swims before:
Aye herald of destruction, blood, and death!
There—decked, array'd in ev'ry hue,
With tints of purple, red, and blue;
Adorned with splendour ever new,
And shining now with gold and argent's sheen;
Or now the vivid rays,
Of fixed and changing green;
Voracious, fierce, the dolphin tribe were seen:
All—dazzling with their blaze,
There too created was ere long,
Though little, fishes swift and strong;

* Beluga, or the White-Whale.

The Narwhale, or Sea Unicorn.

‡ The White Shark.—The one here noticed, generally accounted the largest of this terrible species, swims faster than the swiftest ships.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

Who oft not sported those among.
Known but to live within the waters wide;
For they were made with wings,
To cleave the upper void;
And when in air—dolphins—their foes, they spied
Pursue with rapid springs.
*Crisped like Papyrus his thin shell, and white as new-born foam.
†Or lustrous like the changing pearl—beauteous with ev'ry ray,—
First laboured, smoothly, to impel before
Each nautilus,—with sails the deep spread o'er:
First strove to sapiently direct across the lucid way;
And first began, instinctive bold, through realms unknown to roam.
Polypus! informed by thee,
Far in the bosom of the sea
His vermil mansion reared, of forest form and height;
Seals amphibious, sleek, and soft,
Raised their briny heads aloft,
And wandered slow to land, or dived from human sight.
And endless myriads more, unseen by man,
Whose forms, and habits, may for aye unknown remain;
Thy word, thy will, sprung into life.—Oh, thou of wondrous strain!

First Being! yet again thy wish was known,
When Earth's requested boon;
More perfect—Man was made; and Woman soon.
He! like a tower, in port, imperial stood;
With massive, adamantine brow, and broad:
Mild beaming orb, or dread with gath'ring frown:
And fixed and awless gleam:
With forward, lightning glare, of stern command,

* The Paper Nautilus. † The Pearly Nautilus.

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

That subjects all to him ;
That all resistless deem ;
Supreme in mind o'er all tribes through the land.
The ornamental covering o'er his brows
Waved proud in rolling locks, or in curls clust'ring, rose ;
While in his nervous limbs, strength sleeps, or waking, grows.
She—than aught more fair, softer, and more mild,
Moved robed in grace, in loveliness, and light ;
Around her form her tresses waving wild,
Like curling gold, hung dazzling to the sight ;
Or fell a golden shower ;
Each orb the while in liquid sapphire gazed,
With calm and winning power ;
Like heaven—no cloud spread o'er.
A neck of faultless curve, the face upraised,
Of just contour ; with cheeks of rosy hue :
There—vermil lips concealed her pearly teeth from view,
While ravishing her limbs, of perfect mould and true.
So these, of all thy works created—best,
E'en from thy likeness moulded stood confessed.
While to *him* given was power, dominion, ever owned
By all that roam through air, amid the deeps are found ;
That lurk in gloomy caves, or on high summits bound ;
That raging tramp, that rapid haste, that move along the ground.

But soon sin rose, too soon, alas !
Infecting ev'ry race
The world throughout, that breathed the breath of life ;
And ev'ry place was rife,
With evil, blood, and strife.
Then it repented thee thou hadst created aught :
And instant thy dread ire was kindled fierce and hot,
While hushed was heaven, & earth, & hell, when heard thy awful will

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

That far, abroad, above, around,
That even burst to ocean's hid profound;
Or with redoubling, gath'ring breath, woke desert, plain, & hill.
Thus!—would unknowing man conceive went forth the sound,
That uttered thus the voice Supreme;—and thus the words were found!:—
"I will destroy whom I have made—man—from the face of earth;
"Both man & beast, the fowls of air,—all that go creeping forth:
"For it repenteth me I have created them.
Yet Noah and his house thou didst righteous deem,
And ruin uncontrolled, and dire destruction stayed,
That all the universe impended o'er;
Till guided soon by thee, a wondrous ark he made:
When at thy word, of ev'ry race
Proceeded forth by two and two or more,
The chosen troops, with varied pace,
Into the house of wood;
And then arose the flood.
Were broken up the fountains of th' great deep,
And heav'n's windows opened were, & swift, tempestuous hurled:
(With dashing sounding roar and headlong sweep,)
Or bell'wing, thund'ring far and wide, down rushed the wat'ry world.
While in tempests, storms, and rain,
The deluge buries vale and plain;
Hill, precipice, and mountain height,
Now disappeared beneath its might;
And river, torrent, gulf, and cataract plunge and glide;
And toss & tumble with the whelm, & swell the growing tide.
First full forty nights and days,
Black rains on rains descending, desolation cast.
And the waters, lo! increase;
The ark mysterious on their surface bore;
That by thy hand upstay'd, safe rode the bill'wy waste,—

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

Earth by the element was covered o'er;
And cattle, fowls, and ev'ry beast, and man were seen no more.
Days fifty & one hundred, rain storms & tempests hailed;
The awful deluge fifty, and one hundred days prevailed:
Nor might, nor power withstood its force, nor 'gainst thy wrath availed.

The waters now that late so chafed and raged,
Abated at thy word, and were assuaged:
Were checked the o'erwhelming rains, which soon nor even dropp'd;
The fountains of the deep, and heaven's windows stopp'd:
The earth engulph'd—again its mountain summits reared,
And rising slow ere long, anew dry ground appear'd.
The patriarch, meanwhile, full two score days ending,
A raven forth the ark by thee instructed sent,
That too and fro o'er th' flood doubtful its course bending,
Roamed on expanded wings, unknowing where it went,
Till e'en the earth was dry.
Once more was seen to fly
A dove with like intent, which restless soar'd around,
But rest for whose foot's sole could yet no where be found,
And to the ark she back returned.
Seven days He refrained,
When was the dove again discern'd,
Nor long from him remained;
But came on joyous pinions during eve,
And in her mouth, plucked off, behold an olive leaf.
So earth beneath the flood, more might he not perceive.
He stayed yet other seven—
The third time let her soar;
But though oft scann'd he heaven,
She saw his face no more.
A certain period past, when thy command

ODE TO JEHOVAH.

Brought him, his house, all kinds, once more to land.
He found fresh favour in thy eyes,
And grateful rose his sacrifice.
Then thou, the Lord! the God! in thy heart said,
No more because of man shall earth be curst,
For man from youth is evil—from the first.
No more o'er moving life shall flood destroying burst;
With Noah early was thy cov'nant made,
And sign exalted set in heaven—thy radiant bow displayed.

Oh, Being Universal! Original! Unseen!
Long wicked, and iniquitous, th' abhorrent twain* had been;
Ere destructively was poured thy wrath in awful rain;
Of fire & brimstone dread on their cities in the plain.
From whose foundation burnt but ashes rose & smoke.
And Egypt's eldest born the eleventh plague had struck,
Ere Pharoah's hardened heart,
Would Israel let depart;
But with his countless hosts soon ruthless he pursued;
Destroy'd in the Red Sea, as soon his purpose rued;
For rider, horse, car, charioteer, thy pow'r whelm'd neath the flood.
Thus man could e'er proclaim,
Thy goodness, love, and might;
For aye repeat thy name.
But weak all human skill, too dim our earthy sight
To see, or to make known thy acts and deeds how bright:
Ah, no! the soul is hid in night.
Though on th' unrivall'd matchless theme, would e'er dwell with delight.

* Sodom and Gomorrah.

SCOTLAND, REMEMBER THY BARDS,

Scotland! lov'st thou poets yet,—
Then thy Thompson ne'er forget:
Ramsay, who thy "Shepherd" sung.*
Who his lyre t' Amynta strung.†

Scotland think sometimes of Burns!
Scotland hail and sing by turns,
Burns's name, and Burns's themes;
Burns and song be of thy dreams.

Then recall each other bard,
Nor be t' one all thy award;
Logan, Hogg, hast thou forgot?
Beattie, Graham, or Walter Scott?

Once would Campbell never tire;
Him thy sons could aye admire:
Now his lays neglected stand,
First though 'mong thy Lyric band.

Was not Blair to thee most dear;
And the lofty Falconer?
Mong thy poets, he, best skilled,
Who the epic verse could build.

Drummond pleas'd, yea Buchanan,
Lion-Lindesey; e'en the train,—
Rhymers, Minstrels!—now no more,
And who sleeps on Java's shore,

* Alan Ramsay.

† Sir Gilbert Elliot, author of one of the most exquisite pastorals in the language.

SCOTLAND, REMEMBER THY BARDS.

Leyden! smote while in his prime,—
Ere he measured out his time;
In whose varied works we see
Truly sublime poesy.

More sublime in art, in thought,
Than is found in Burns or Scott;
Have they what can e'er be read
Whiles rehearsing his "Mermaid?"

Never may their ballads vie,
With "Soulis"—or *his* minstrelsy;
Vain his lyric steed each goads,
T' rival any of *his* odes.

But, o'er all your tuneful race,
Scots and Scotia, ye should place
He who sung your first renown;—
Morven's pride, and Fingal's son!

While your modern muses move,
By the tale, the lay of love,
Might of heroes he displays!
War—and "gleams of other days."

Dark Cuthullin in his car,
Fingal rushing from afar;
Gaul's dread valour, Fillan's speed,
Cairbar's gloom, and Oscar's meed.

SCOTLAND, REMEMBER THY BARDS.

Swaran wasting Lochlin's foes,
Sad Comala's griefs and woes;
Agandecca, fair as light,
Moving like the Queen of Night.

Still, Edina! Burns shall shine,
Forward in thy foremost line;
Dear shall Scots his mem'ry hold,
Long as Past'ral life is told.

Scotland! then remember still
These thy bards, thy bards of skill:
To all scorners make reply,
As a Poet, none is High!

ON HEARING OF THE PROPOSED INTRODUCTION OF COWPER'S, AND THE REJECTION OF BYRON'S, BUST, INTO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Shame on the merciless, malicious wretch,
Whose spirit wars with the illustrious dead,
Who, ever prejudic'd with sland'ring speech,
Would hatred still launch at the poet's head.
Regardless, Death hides with impervious shade
All earthly errors, and all earthly spleen;
That with him buried in the grave are laid,
Those bolts of satire, which of erst were seen
In him so fierce and dread, inspiring awe to men.

Ah, Byron! yet how nobler had it been,
Though from thy infant years exposed to wrong;
And by thy callous mother hated e'en,
If virtue's strains had always fired thy song;
Nor scenes of vice been shown so oft among.
Then, greater thou,—more glorious were thy name,
With praise exalted on each human tongue:
Howe'er so bright, more dazzling still thy fame,
And never any age had aught discerned to blame.

Howe'er! did Westminster's majestic pile
Arise, for none save goodness' virtue's worth?—
For other greatness grew the sculptured aisle—
The skilled, renowned, transcendent of the earth!
Nor those distingushed sole by lofty birth,
But e'en for genius' manes crown'd by fame:
The poet, sage, and soldier to engirth,
And all of matchless, of unrivall'd name;
Whose souls throughout the world breath'd an inspiring flame.

With Milton's, Cowley's then, and Dryden's dust,
Be Byron's laid; as great, or greater bard!
Within the Poet's Corner place *his* bust,—
His lyre sublime has earned the rich reward;
Ne'er claimed a son of Albion more regard:
Harold to all eternity shall live!
The Corsair, Age of Bronze, by Chronos spared,
The Dream, and stinging Juan, conq'ring strive;
And Cain, with Heaven & Earth, to future worlds survive!

Why scorn for Cowper's past'ral, homely lays,
Th' eruptive strains of Song's dread Volcano!
Who now your fancy pleases, now dismays;
Ever admiring, constant though you read.
Compared with *his* were Cowper's numbers dead,

And hid that merit which they sure display.
By his sublimer verse cast into shade,
Set in oblivion—shorn of every ray ;
Abandoned, and resigned to ruin and decay.

Yet—would my heart nor censure or contemn
The sweet pathetic strains of *his* pure verse,
Whose earnest lines with moral precepts teem,
Paint rural life, and nature's charms rehearse.
Few lyres are sweeter, surely many worse !
Still in high poesy, as every art,
For genius — goodness, ardour's, scant recourse ;
Genius in-bred— no labour can impart,
In Byron power unmatched—his soul's transcendant part.

Then—th' mausoleums of a mighty state,
Are deemed to mourn for nought but wond'rous man ;
Most talented, most famed, th' unrivalled great !
O'er all supreme—first in th' omniscient plan.
Those less than such—the good, the pious, can
There also moulder, but with less renown.
For though in highest souls we seldom scan
That virtue, meekness, which would sin disown,
'Twere wrong to value like, the Less and Greater one.

No ! Byron may rejected be for none.
How dim burned Southey neath his glory's blaze !
Or Campbell—chaste and polished, dulcet — tone :
Or Wordsworth's half obscure* and darkling rays.
Or with the mystic lamp who nightly strays
Yet Coleridge ; nor Rogers, Moore, nor Scott,
Nor other bard, can e'er hope eqnal praise,—
Shall Britian's son by Britain be forgot ?
Oh ! shun the lasting shame ; & tremblin gvoid the thought.

* prosy and half-darkling.

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Where frowns the dark forest, and stalks the red deer,
The wild capercailzie, the stern mountaineer;
Where zephyrs of eve fan the thistle's grey beard,
And mixing and roar of deep waters are heard,
Is the land of my theme;—be Morven thy name,
Or Alpine, or Highlands, thy glory 's the same.
The soil o'er which lighten'd the sword of Fingal,
That responded to sorrows of Ossian's soul,
Shall be cherish'd and hallow'd while centuries roll.

* * * *

Thy high race of heroes, alas! is no more.
Now who can make whistle the heavy claymore?
Though o'ercast with black fate, its terrible sway
Nigh vanquished the Southron on Culloden's day.
How dire and tremendous th' effect of its blows,
Impell'd by those clans led by skilful Montrose.
Killiewankie saw foes down smote fast as hail;
But ere gloaming was heard the pibroch's shrill wail,
And the ghost of Dundee rode forth with the gale.

* * * *

Rise, shades of the mighty; repeople once more
The paths, while on earth ye so proudly trod o'er.
Before me each warrior redoubted appears,
One vernal, one blooming, one hoary in years.
High towers in each bonnet a dark eagle plume;
While all, carry broad-swords, the Sassenach's doom;
Are in tartans of diff'rent colours arrayed,
Where upon are diff'rent pouches displayed,
And strong baldries around with silver inlaid.

And lo! mong the heather some hunting survey;
Some file down yon mountain in battle array;
And as yon fire-cross (welcome signal) this knows
To rouse for the foray, now like the wind goes.
That with target and blade, from crag, scaur, and rock,
To Lowlands descends with impetuous shock.
But their spectral forms vanish all from my sight;
Yet such in the past *were* thy warriors of might,
And in friendship as true as ready to fight.

Thy cliffs are precipitous, many thy woods,
Foam-girt thy islets, impetuous thy floods;
Thy mountains stupendous, each Grampian height,
Ben Nevis, and Lomond, have summits of white.
Expansive thy waters, and billowy rolled;
Loch Katrine's broad face is aye gleaming with gold.
*Thy rivers productive, for value or need
Are no salmon like those in the Tay or the Tweed;
But cruel the hand that the live fish will bleed.

Exulting, from umbrage to tree squirrels bound,
On the pine branch oft lurking martins are found;
The wild cat constructs 'mong thy caverns his lair,
Flits by like a shadow the swift-footed hare.
The badger leaps snarling from out his deep hole,
Otters hunt and devour, or with the wave roll;
Eagles on wings resounding cleave through the sky,

* It is said (though the author himself cannot vouch for its accuracy) that the salmon in these two rivers are cut open while alive, while yet in the water, in order to gratify the appetite of the luxurious.

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Afar scent the prey, with neck outstretching fly,
And soar beyond vision with shrill piercing cry.

Who now bold dare wander through dark Glenfinlas ?*
Will thread iis recesses, there follow the chase ?—
Oh timely avoid ye the forest of gloom.
Oh seek not its mysteries, tempt not your doom.
Or if despite warning ye still would go there
Oh sport not I charge ye with any strange fair.
Avoid ye at night-fall the huntress in green,
Though arrayed in more beauty than ever was seen
For still tis the fiend under womanly mien.

The seer had reveal'd, in the gale hover'd death,
And soon two brave brothers advanc'd o'er the heath.
To his hut from the storm for shelter they came,
He fed with fresh faggots his bright little flame:
A maiden soon entered with dishevell'd hair,
Cheeks glowing with terror, in seeming despair ;
Wet was her vesture, her hand grasp'd a bow,
She mov'd like Diana, though heaving with woe,
While her sorrows and griefs to the hunters thus flow,—

" This morn three bright virgins, the daughter each one
" Of sire, proud and noble, and deathless renown,
" Exub'rant with joy, with me follow'd the roe,
" But stray'd away somewhere on yon movntain's brow.

* Glanfinlas. Any one who is in the least acquainted with the superstitions, mysteries, traditions, &c., of the Highlands, will be at no loss to comprehend the meaning contained in the succeeding lines.

" Lest ill should befall them, I tremble and quake,
" But am told that here demons haunt muir and brake;
" Who with me shall seek gains both favour and gold;" —
On th' twain she smil'd wanton, who ardent and bold
Pass'd with her the threshold, ere th' seer could cry—Hold!

Aghast! smote with horror! the rev'rend sage,
Sought anxious their fate in dark Gramarye's page.
Soon while thus intent, gory pattering rain,
From the roof mark'd his silv'ry locks with red stain;
Like claws bloody fingers a grisly head swung,
The jaws grinn'd agape, dangled eye-balls and tongue:
Alas! then one youth had the fiend made her prey,—
The spell poured the prophet with dauntless survey;
And in thunder and yells fled the vision away.

Thy heather in red here abundantly blooms,
And yonder more scanty its white glow resumes.
Purple dark thy ravines, thy mosses are dun,
O'er these struts the black cock, through those glides with gun,
Huge wiry-hair'd hound; the tough stalker of deer.
And anglers quick-eyed in thy falls dart the spear.
While adorn'd are thy maidens with beauty most rare;
Thus with man so intrepid, and woman so fair,
How few famous Highlands! with thee may compare.

THE TIGER.

Where Indus, Burrampooter, Jumna, pour,
Their rapid torrents 'tween each reedy shore;
Where sacred Ganges guides his golden waves,
In whose clear fount the Brahmin nightly laves;—
Mausoleums, temples, palaces, and tombs,
Pagodas, Kioums, — his fair stream illumes
O'er prostrate columns of some ruined fane,
The serpent drags his glitt'ring spangled train;
Among the verdure glide the lizard race,
Like fleeting shadows, swiftly so they pass.
E'en there, does Felis Tigris yet abide,
Oft call'd the—"Monster with the Brindled hide";
Tiger by some, Man-eater others say,
"Bhag! by the Native Coolie, Shikarie.
Through China's empire mighty rivers flow,
Kiang-ku, Yang-tsie-Kiang, Hoang-ho;—
The third impels a flood of yellow dye,
The second heaves its red waves to the sky;
The first has changing hues, and rushes rapidly.—
Amid the woody realms through which they run,
Though rarely, also there his form is known;
Among the hills down which their torrents roll,
He utters short his grating hideous growl;
Where China, Thibet, grove oppose to grove,
Upon the waste aronnd delights to rove;
Stalks through the wilderness of varied palms,
And rouses Discord with his fierce alarms;
Or threads — his ears laid back, fangs grinning white,
Each thicket dark, with eyes of baleful light;
When all, or weak or strong, avoid his threat'ning might.
But in his majesty, wouldst thou the Tiger know;
To Saugur's fatal island timely go.

THE TIGER.

Ere yet the sportsman by incessant chace,
Has made extinct and slaughtered all the race.
His depredations here how oft and wide !
How many by his ruthless teeth have died !
What numbers through the year has he waylaid ?
What woe and mourning have his onslaughts made ?
In jungle, sunderbund, o'er sultry plains,
O'er all he undisputed monarch reigns ;
Leo dreads not *he*, him quickly will engage,
And oft the first falls victim to his rage :
His force, hyænas, bears, and leopards shun,
Nor seek to lave at eve till he has done,
He scorns to hunt where other kinds repair,
Nor other species may invade his lair.
None tread his path in solitary state,
He tramps unchalleng'd, with one constant mate ;
Beneath the sunless jungle-grass all day,
He lurks conceal'd, grim watching for his prey.
Red in the gloom his firy eye-balls glow,
His panting tongue lolls curling too and fro ;
Hot smoke and fœtid breath his mouth and nostrils blow.
Long thus he couches, till some bounding deer,
Or lowing ox, advances heedless near ;
Then rapid on the startled beast he springs,
And it loud bellowing to his covert brings ;
The strong ribs crashing, with his muzzle drown'd
In bubbling gore ; his claws in one huge wound
The carcase open tear ; and gorging still,
His glutt'ny sates, and mangles at his will ;
Till swoll'n at length he lies, without the power to skill.
His form created, say what power supreme ?
What mighty finger modell'd his dread frame ?

THE TIGER.

Who carved his teeth, and furnished his strong claws?
Whose rampant clutch the buffalo o'erthrows;
What hand endued him with resistless force?
With speed uurivall'd in the rapid course?
A bound headlong, terrific, sure and fierce?
A roar whose echoes tangled forests pierce?
A nature gave him blood thirsty and fell?
A maw whose cravings nought can stay or quell?
Enormous strength all other might t' subdue?
A look whose glare mankind all shun that view?—
Such his ferocity, his thirst for blood,
That when he slaughtered once, continual flow'd,
A desolating tide, boundless as War's own flood.
So great his ravages, e'en cultured man,
Where most he multiplies, dreads to remain;
His appetite so constant, ev'ry kind,
A ready sepulchre in his vast stomach find.
His hunger seizes indiscriminately all,
Beneath his paws all moving objects fall;
Save the enormous Boa on yon tree,
The mail'd Rhinoceros, pond'rous Arnee;
And who in muddy tank exults to bide,
The Alligator, with the ball-proof hide.
At nightfall round the village he will steal;
And seldom is defrauded of his meal.
A raging pest, he bursts the cattle folds,
Kills all he meets, and nought his course withholds;
Till torn, skull-cloven, all the horned race,
In heaps of carnage laid, defile the place.
Or vengeful bullet soon, ere he can flee, him slays.
Scourge universal, haunts he the high road,
Until some travelling troop is view'd abroad;

THE TIGER.

Or in adjacent coppice lies in wait,
While some procession moves in gorgeous state;
On both occasions sure to make his prey,
Some luckless straggler, loit'ring on the way;
And o'er their baggage trains though these have watch,
Certain some team of oxen yok'd to catch.
And these — with noisy instruments, drums, torches' glare,
During the march, him oft confound and scare;
He rarely fails some courser to devour,
Or suttler, sentinel, falls in his power.

Must I inform thee how this beast is ta'en,
Lured, overcome, how hunted, and how slain?
The means to kill it used before and now?—
Awhile incline thine ear, and thou shalt know.

He once with poison'd arrow was laid dead,
From bow sent whizzing, of split bamboo made;
This bow is full six feet to eight in length,
In girth ten inches, and of ample strength.
The string strong catgut, oft an half inch round;
The instrument is fix'd upon the ground,
With greatest nicety, at the centre part;
So as to aid the passage of the dart.
The whole so distant from the earth reveal'd,
As is proportion'd to what's to be killed.
A wedge makes fast the string, which is drawn back,
A cord attach'd, strain'd either tight or slack;
To stake upon th' opposing path-way's side,
O'er which the animal must bound or glide;
That mostly yards two hundred from the spot;

THE TIGER.

Struck through the lungs, falls by the fatal shot.
Or sometimes through the heart, and if less hurt,
Soon will the poison its dire power assert;
And ere on lightning wings, has fled an hour,
The beast late sprightly, bloated is no more.
A heavy beam suspended o'er the path,
To which a cord is fasten'd, when in wrath,
The brindled savage passed; quick disengag'd
Crush'd him beneath its weight, and vain he rag'd.
Practis'd in Persia is another mode;
A spher'cal cage, of strong bamboos and good.
Together wove, but leaving openings quite
Three inches broad to let in air and light,
Constructed is, and held to earth with stakes;
Where tigers thrive, where one most slaughter makes.
Within this refuge, with three strong short spears,
And dog t'alarm, a man at night appears.
Wrapp'd in his quilt th' adventurer calmly sleeps,
Sure to be rous'd, when near the prowler creeps;
Which coming soon, rears 'gainst the cage, and smells,
But instant stabb'd, roars loud, or louder yells;
And ne'er or rarely 'scapes being destroy'd;
And, in the morn, — with blood his yellow pride,
Defil'd — is found not far; there having fall'n and died.

In Oude they have a plan more ludicrous,
Some leaves the peasants gather of the Prous,
A tiger's track being found, which the same one
Though never; for their purpose may be known
These — in most underwoods, in form, in sheen,
Like syccamore leaves, commonly are seen;
With bird-lime smear'd, by bruising berries made

THE TIGER.

From an indig'nous tree, not scarce tis said,
They with the gluten uppermost are strew'd ;
That opaque spot near where tis understood,
He constant comes during the noon-tide heat ;
When if perchance one of his velvet feet,
On any glut'nous leaves, or leaf, should tread ;]
Then him may'st thou conclude already dead.
He shakes his paw th' incombrance to remove,
But only finds his efforts fruitless prove ;
Then frantic rubs the nuisance 'gainst his jaw,
When, eyes and ears are plastered like his paw.
Soon backward, forward, round and round he sweeps,
And vainly through the neighbouring bushes leaps ;
To clear his fur, next with tremendous might,
Rolls, tramples, till the umbrage clouds his sight ;
Soon by his dreadful howls the watchful foe,
Defenceless, powerless, he at last is know
Who the detested object — tarr'd and blind,
In shooting thus no difficulty find.

A stranger, wilder method than all these,
Is to this day employ'd by the Chinese.
By means of a box-trap they capture him,
In which a looking-glass emits its gleam.
Nearer he draws, attracted by the glare,
Another sees, return him stare for stare,
Move as he moves, the same his fangs expose,
Couch, low'r his ears, lash with his tail loud blows.
Then ready for the fray, with deaf'ning roar
The mocking form eyes. and bound headlong o'er.
The heavy spring unfastens the box-lid,
He then perceives, too late ! he's caught by his own shade.

THE TIGER.

Now nerve thy heart, and with me boldly haste
To join the hunt, ere yet the day has passed.
Lo! from yon station in confusion pace,
Elephants, men, steeds, all ardent for the chase.
The tumult hush'd, with howdahs on them laid,
In which are rifles, guns, and spears display'd,
One hundred elephants appear in line array'd.
Now for the game they regularly beat,
And to the jungle's edge off quickly set;
A troop of villagers unarm'd, half nude,
From side to side pry into each thick wood;
And where to pierce the jungle is too close,
His trunk the elephant round th' obstruction throws;
Resistance all his wond'rous vigour scorns,
Plants parasite down tramble, strongest thorns;
The tree stupendous to the ground low bent,
He plants his foot on, and has upward rent;
With up-turned roots, stem crashing, stunning noise,
It thunders headlong, instant prostrate lies.
The beast meanwhile utters no sulky roar,
Nor shakes his master by too violent power.
Clear of the wood, they enter now a space
Open, not three feet high of marshy grass.
Thin, shinty, some corinda bushes there,
Like ragged thorn-brakes, grow where it is bare;
Or, during day, th' abode of beasts of prey,
Some greener bushes scanty here survey.
While a few huts in clusters near and far,
To be call'd villages too poor and spare,
Amid the waste around like islands peer;
And near those green tufts little ponds are near.
Yonder a herd of cattle feeding see;

THE TIGER.

Under a bush the herdsman singing free.
On further, neil-ghie,* wild hogs, and hog-deer,
Some browsing, running, sporting, swift appear;
Just as the herd but now to move began,
Up sprang the tiger, and scour'd o'er the plain;
And to the open country fled the while,
More like our Reynard's than in his bold style.
And though in full pursuit the whole field race,
But once is fired at ere he clears th' high grass.
Unhurt, with unabated speed he still
Scampers away, and baffles all their skill:
Now sweeping round yon jungle-patches green,
Twice deludes dogs, steeds, elephants, and men;
And lo! in thought secure is heading back.
But forward, thund'ring, flying in his track,
Yon epauletted Briton, eager, hot,
In full career arrests him with a shot.
Into that thicket close, wounded at length,
He drags his form, but with diminished strength;
Crouch'd in the bushes, fierce an emerald glare
His eyes emit,—tempt not his fury there!
Aronnd the leading sportsmen earnest scan,
Yet knew not twice his cover they o'erran.
With ears laid back, now through an opening large
Behold him rising for the desp'rate charge.
This a prodigious elephant, too, sees,
And furiously with tusks and bended knees
Through bushes, trees, pond'rous crashing forth,
His enemy invet'rate nails to earth.
So vig'rous are his efforts to crush dead

* Blue-cow.

THE TIGER.

The stubborn tiger, which one huge claw dread
Has firmly fastened in his visual ray;
That see the howdah threatens to give way;
Are rifles, guns, and hog-spears overthrown,
And see the occupants can scarce hold on.
And that explosion, list! dire whistles near
The bullet by the luckless mahout's ear.
And soon as from the chase, e'en then half slain,
The irate, raging, elephant is ta'en,
Thickly the coming sportsmen fire on fire,
Pour on his mangled hide till he expire.

So falls he in the hunt; but with broad knife
The subtle Koorg provokes him to the strife;
And seldom fails to ravish him of life.
But though an annual slaughter thins his race,
Though numbers of his kind fall in the chase;
Still lives he to devour, still dyes with blood earth's face.

SONNETS TO CRUIKSHANK.

Now Cruikshank! thou dread Magian of the land
Thee praise the muse waits jocund to award;
And shew the wonders of thy potent wand:
Whose magic skill attain'd sublimer name
Would give to Greatness—chieftain, sage or bard,
And e'en Crown'd worth adorn with brighter fame.
But hard th' essay to render just thy meed;

SONNETS TO CRUIKSHANK.

All adulation minds supreme, repel
Till their lives finish; and when they are dead.
Though should exaggerration mar the strain,
The while I sing like Brutus aye and well,
I love t' extol and learn of noble men.

Oft thy old Caricatures of they—once Man!
Array'd in quaintness, have provok'd my mirth.
Who now but sway where Prince and Serf like reign
Amid the night of Deaths unechoing tomb!
Where none have might, not e'en so poor as Earth;
Whose mould each day, fast takes their little room.
How many of fames marvels—now no more!
Feel wound nor dread from thy satiric barb,
Whose venom-point oft smote their breasts before!
So stood transfixed a Mammoth of thy scorn,
The Man of Worlds! here in Bombastes garb;
There frost-devour'd on Hell-King's shoulders borne!

Thy Paris Life and London e'er must please,
They— vivid screens of each huge Capitol town;
Where groups grotesque in this, one smiling sees;
In Palais Royal, Boulevard, and Cafè:
Here at Rouge-Noir, now night Glim smashing down,
Or quizzing artistès, battling in some fray.
In that behold a Charley dashed to earth.
Or Cyprians ogling in a Strand-saloon;
"Gay moments," one being led to gallows forth,
Jacco Maccacco, "Crib," All-Macs," Vauxhall;
There Carlton Palace, "Fleet," aad Hyde Park ton,
All speak thy skill, and hold men in pleased thrall:

SONNETS TO CRUIKSHANK.

Who knows not Frederick's angular spare face,
So truthfully in "Points of Honour" grav'd?
Or can forbear a smile, to view th' ill-grace,
With which the rural squire clock-durance; bears;
The lustful Cardinal so well outbrav'd,—
And contemplate the odd-twains' sev'ral stares.
Here abbot, monk, and beggar with fat paunch,
Into a cavern tumble headlong down;
And there "Burns' Jolly Beggars" rapid launch
Through a wild measure, now malt beverage quaff;
Here awes a wretch yon' swarthy tinker's frown,
—Where'er we gaze we may not choose but laugh.

He of the Rueful countenance next view—
Lo! how impetuous spurs he towards yon sails;
There on the wine skins writes his valour true,
Anon with Leo does the conbat wage;
Here 'mong the Sable hills his fate bewails,
Now ab'ect sorrows in th' Enchanted cage.
Again see Sancho 'scaping from Woods-Nose,
Relentless here upwards in blanket toss'd:
There on a saddle slumbers out his doze,
And to Dulcinea now Sir Quixote brings;
Again as Governor by menials crossed —
Thus scene on scene from thy rare talent springs.

I now must ope the flood-gates of my mirth.
Yonder "Phrenology" jocose appears,
See "Size," a being of unequalled girth,
And come apace "Comparison and Time;
Then "Order," with the birch, brings early tears,
And "Hope" waits patient for the sav'ry bone:

But " Phil'progen'tiveness " o'er these, o'er all,
Best speaks thy genius, e'en were this the sole
Of thy bright arts productions, worth should pall,
E'er to oblivion thy name descend;
Or taste expire, or feeling quit the soul,
For him whose scenes continued pleasures lend.

Proud on one step, from comedy I soar
To tragedy,—and now my eyes behold
The Tower of Landon and its turrets hoar.
The chiar.oscura, light and shade displayed
In those rare plates had pleased e'en Rembrandt old—
No richer bays adorn thy laurelled head.
The intrigues, craft, and treachery of Spain,
Appear in Simon Renard's soul of gloom;
Here arm'd with Mephistopheles disdain,
He stern repels Northumberland's fierce wrath;
Now chuckling at his foes approaching doom,
Then by the block exulting o'er his death.

I turning, Jane survey, th' ill-fated Queen,
With pageant here progressing to the Tow'r,
There—starting from the axe's forward sheen.
But yon' who skulks th' illumin'd pillar's rear?
Aye! Reynard's fire-coal orbs ill-omen'd glare.
Her—Traitor's Gate, gives his triumphing sneer.
What just gradations see of light and shade.
Gloom shrouds the barge, the gateway, and the stairs;
Round each mid object streams of radiance spread,
And twinkle far beneath the black concave:
E'er this to that true opposition bears,
Darkling, now gleaming, o'er the swelling wave.

SONNETS TO CRUIKSHANK.

With Windsor Castle now invite my gaze,
The Miser's Daughter, and Jack Sheppard straight;
And instant rises Woolsey's dire disgrace.
In the rare grandeur of the Monarch's form
Holbein survives in Bulleyn on the state;
And the high prelate blancning neath the storm.
Yea! that famed artist glad this scene had own'd—
"King Henry reconciled to Lady Anne,"
That dread square visage here beams glances, fond
As rapt Arcadian—now is like sincere,
Calm is his despot soul, nor wots he their
Ruthless to launch her to an early bier.

Again: "Herne flying to the burning woods"
Next contemplate. The spectre loars malign
Back on his mortal foes; and seeming bodes
Destruction t'him who tempts the flaming path;
Within his grasp a vergin form is seen,
In hue e'en pallid as the filmy wraith.
Rightly we laud thee for that just contour
Shewn in thy mould of woman, ever fair;
In grace effulgent, but in beauty more.
Aye! view the maid in Trystram Linwood's cot.
Here that which demon steed and rider bear;
And countless models thy rare skill has wrought.

Lo! from huge tree a wretch despairing screams,
With arms outstretched, for aid. The hungry fire
Devours its prey with tongue of countless flames,
And burning fragments vomits on the ground:
While see the Hell-born twain contemn its ire,
And like the tempest tramp to yon profound.

SONNETS TO CRUIKSHANK.

Ne'er sprung that courser dread from earthly race:
In each brass orb a conflagration gleams,
And sparkling torrents from the nostrils chase,
And glow around, beneath, with lurid light:
Each lambent hoof to tread the soil ne'er seems;
And tears through blaze & smoke with headlong might.

Thus scene o'er scene, as we thy works inspect
(Countless) anew, with like skill greets our eyes;
O'er this we ponder, smile, on that reflect;
And pleas'd, these high extol, and those admire:
Anon discover here a moral lies,—
Ah see! the end of CRIME* how dread and dire
Thy subjects are composed from daily life,
Myriads glad hail each harvest of thy toil;
Thy art prolific shews whate'er is rife
Aught fresh, aught worthy; but reluctant though
Must now the Muse abandon thee awhile,
Yet, would sincere—thy labours all might know.

* Crime—"The Folly of Crime," in George Cruikshank's Table Book.

ON ODES OF COLLINS.

FEAR.

On Fear! — in any tongue, of ev'ry clime!
Lamented Collins' ode is most sublime.

PITY.

Mong ancient bards, and those of modern race,
Should learned Collins, hold an honour'd place;
For he of all who sought in odes the muse,
Could best with judgment, simile infuse:
Confessed in "Ode to Pity" this appears,
The azure maid, with eyes suffus'd with tears!
The King of Critics! celebrates his name,
What Johnson writes,—let no weak mind defame.

ON MERCY.

How oft th' electric chords our bards have strung!
But none like Collins, Mercy's praise hath sung.
First in his scroll display'd a smiling bride—
She sits by valour's arm'd and awful side;
Of sky-born forms the gentlest yet in mind,
And constant best adorn'd by all mankind;
The fatal spear wins from his open hand,
And hides in wreaths of flowers his bloodless brand.
Or who amid the sanguine, dreadful field,
By god-like heroes, chiefs, alone beheld,
Is oft with her bare heaving, bosom found
Pleading for him, the youth who sinks to ground.
Or soon as he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature—War! shall join his yoke;

And rush in wrath to make his prey our isle,
Her form from out her sweet abode the while,
O'ertakes him instant in his dread array;
Upon his blasted road then charms his stay,
And stops his wheels and look'd his rage away.

Long yet shall many a chief, with vict'ry flush'd;
The foe's battalians broken, see! and crush'd;
Shrll proud survey where late in battle stood,
Their bravest columns, carnage heaps, and blood.
E'en then perchance the strife and slaughter o'er,
Will milder feelings o'er his soul have pow'r;
And slow, reverting from the direful scene,
To objects which in other days haze been;
To earlier times, to things done erst, in youth,—
Will turn disgusted from the field of ruth.
Soon calling banish'd Mercy to his aid,
Urbanely greet whom War has captive made;
And while the gentle form shall thus invoke,
Also who his ecstatic lyre has struck;
Well in her praise, Collins!—whose mem'ry, fame,
Whose genius aye shall bring forth loud acclaim;
And still while Mercy's known, be coupled with her Name.

FINIS.

[Entered at Stationer's Hall.]

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